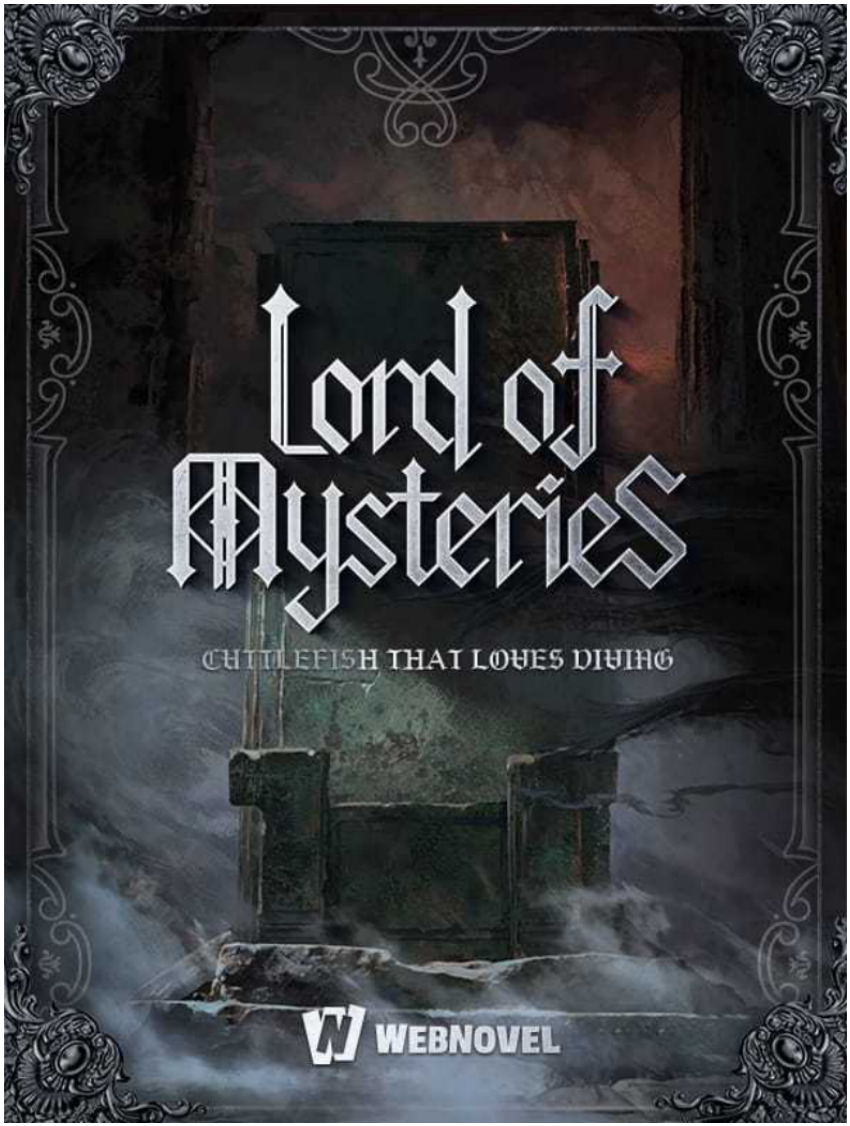
Lord of Mysteries
CUTTLEFISH THAT LOVES DIVING
WEBNOVEL

Information

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Lord of Mysteries

Fantasia

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Chs/Semana

Esta é a taxa média de lançamentos realizados nos últimos 30 dias. O cronograma do tradutor é --Chs/Semana.

1,432 Capítulos

68.5M Modos de exibição
Autor: *Cuttlefish That Loves Diving****Translator:*** *Atlas Studios****Editor:*** *Atlas Studios*
mais

4.89 (5,035 Avaliações)

Sinopse

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who can come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of history and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmurs into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zhou Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in an alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled with machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, difference machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Cards, Sealed Artifacts…

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone far. Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Churches of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slowly develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which is numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is the legend of "The Fool."

947: House Call

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, East Borough, in a two-room apartment.

A few policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms opened the door and entered. All of them reached out to cover their mouths.

There was a strong stench of blood inside!

"Officer, I've no idea what happened. Other tenants said that it seems like there's plenty of blood here that they can even smell it from next door." The landlord with a silk top hat looked around in fear, unwilling to stay in the room for another second.

A black-haired, blue-eyed police officer with an inspector epaulet waved his hand and said, "Wait by the door. We still have questions for you."

As he spoke, he wore his white gloves and cast his gaze towards the wooden door of the bedroom.

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948: Meaning of Existence

Editor: Atlas Studios

From Audrey's point of view, Mr. World's current situation wasn't him suffering from a mental illness, nor was it close to pushing him to the state of losing control. It was because his goal in life and the meaning to his existence had been destroyed. It left him with a psychological barrier that just needed some guidance. Once she helped him set up a short-term goal, allowing him to find meaning in life, the problem would slowly be resolved.

In the serene and silent darkness, Audrey heard Gehrman Sparrow answer in a deep voice across the wall, "No."

As expected… Audrey wasn't surprised as she asked, "Then did he search for his family's last words? Did he search for their grave? Did he try to figure out the reason for the deep sleep?"

The Spirit Body behind the wall seemed to vanish for a few seconds as there wasn't a single sound. After a moment, the hoarse voice continued:

"No, not yet."

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949: Direction of Investigations

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein's first target of suspicion was undoubtedly Elf King Soniathrym.

This ancient god had created chopsticks, made blood cakes, enjoyed eating animal innards, and was good at using spices for cooking. "His" descendants had facial features, hair color, and eyes that resembled Asians on Earth. Not only did Klein suspect that "He" was a transmigrator, even Emperor Roselle shared his feelings.

Of course, after a deeper level of investigations, Roselle had ruled out that hypothesis from their language, symbols, traditional proverbs, and other facets. Klein believed that using chopsticks as cutlery, the preference for eating innards, and using spices wasn't an exclusive trait. To a species that enjoyed nature, it was possible for these to gradually appear in their daily life!

As for why elves who wielded the Sailor pathway were close to nature, Klein didn't know why. It was just something as described by the murals and texts they left behind.

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950: Keeping Secrets

Editor: Atlas Studios

Emlyn fell silent for two seconds as he lowered his chin and asked, "Who… is it?"

To him, angels were naturally worthy of respect, but those who could truly make him bow his head were the important figures addressed as "He" by every Sanguine. "They" had witnessed and experienced the Sanguine's long history, the source of his pride.

"I'm not sure. But in short, I'll notify you when the time comes." Cosmi Odora shook his head.

…The person is coming because of the Ancestor's revelation? There are subsequent instructions? Why doesn't the Ancestor directly give me a revelation? This will be better concealed. I'm "Her" chosen one! This is to avoid agitating Mr. Fool? Questions flashed past Emlyn's mind as he answered them himself.

He didn't speak further as he wore his top hat and left Odora's villa.

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951: Drawing A Card

Editor: Atlas Studios

By the time Leonard reacted, he saw numerous towering stone pillars, as well as a towering palace that looked like a giant's residence above the endless grayish-white fog that was being propped up by these stone pillars.

His green eyes wore a blank look. After a second, Leonard found himself sitting on a high-back chair beside a long mottled bronze table at some point in time. Beside him and opposite him were high-back chairs that exuded solemnity.

And at the end of the long mottled table, where the seat of honor was, a figure was shrouded in thick gray fog. The figure was leaning into his seat leisurely, as though he was overlooking everything.

When this figure appeared in Leonard's eyes, he felt as though he was on a liner, seeing a bottomless abyss whose boundaries were nowhere to be seen. It also felt like he had left the city and was on the outskirts, looking up to see lofty mountains that tore through the clouds.

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952: What a Small World

Editor: Atlas Studios

Danitz jumped in fright as he blurted out, "Sorry, I didn't see anything…"

Before he could finish his sentence, he had already pulled the door handle towards him.

Bang!

The door closed, emitting a sound that echoed through the corridor.

At this point, Danitz finally came to a realization.

What was I doing just now…

What is Anderson doing?

He instinctively removed the black boxing glove and thought bitterly with a frown. Finally, he decided to return to his room, pack his luggage, and leave.

As for what Anderson was trying to do, he felt that something was amiss despite his curiosity. He had no plans on getting himself involved in it, lest he fell into a trap.

Captain said that I should maintain fear and respect towards the unknown. So, I should distance myself from this… Just as Danitz turned around, he suddenly heard the door unlock before being opened.

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953: Prophecy

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein retracted his gaze in a natural manner, held his gold-inlaid cane, and followed closely behind Haggis before entering the general's residence.

The architecture style was completely unlike those found in the Southern Continent. It didn't make any use of light manipulation to make the rooms appear dark and gloomy, nor did they boldly use some human bones as accessories to produce a strong visual impact. Instead, it was more in the style of the Northern Continent. Furthermore, there was an undeniable hint of Intis influence.

Every column was covered in segmented gold foil. The use of colors in the murals were warm, and there were sculptures embedded with gold. A beautiful spiral staircase descended from above, connecting all four stories before ending in the middle of the huge hall where it faced the entrance. It was extremely grand.

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954: Strange Ancient Castle

Editor: Atlas Studios

Fors's gaze met Xio's in midair as both parties remained silent.

After a while, Fors chuckled dryly.

"Haha, you haven't fallen asleep?"

Xio frowned and said, "What happened to you?"

"Nothing. Didn't I tell you before? Whenever the full moon happens, I won't be in a good state. It's even worse during the Blood Moon," Fors replied as though everything was normal.

Xio sized her up and pulled her blanket.

"I remember that you brought sleeping pills?"

"There's no need for that. I'm fine now." Seeing that Xio wasn't pressing further, Fors secretly heaved a sigh of relief. "Go back to sleep. We still have to head into the forest early tomorrow morning."

Xio didn't say another word as she turned around, gripped the blanket, and closed her eyes.

Before long, her breathing turned heavier and became more drawn out and uniform.

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955: Ancient Wraith

Editor: Atlas Studios

Fors's pupils dilated as though she was trying to absorb more light into her eyes to better see Xio's current circumstances.

Meanwhile, the light in front of her suddenly exploded with a flash several times more blinding than old-school cameras, blanketing the surroundings with whiteness.

Following that, her finger swiped on a page on Leymano's Travels as black fog soared from her feet, enveloping her entire body.

The thick black fog quickly transformed into palm-sized illusory bats as they flew in different directions of the underground hall.

This was Wings of Darkness which The Moon had recorded in Leymano's Travels!

Its original use was to enhance one's speed and bestow temporary flight capabilities while producing a horde of blood-sucking bats to attack the enemy. However, Fors didn't use it for this purpose. Instead, she used it as a "prop" for her performance.

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956: The Things Behind the Door

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Behind the bronze door, the slamming sounds continued incessantly, echoing throughout the vast underground hall as though they came from an abnormally distant past.

Fors clamped up and couldn't help but tremble. Unable to help it, she suppressed her voice:

"What could be behind the door?"

"I've no idea." Xio honestly shook her head, subconsciously gulping.

Her right hand, which had just picked up her triangular spike, had her joints protruding out as her blood vessels surfaced. Clearly, she was gripping the triangular spike tightly.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The slamming sounds continued without any change in frequency. Each sound seemed to strike at Fors's and Xio's hearts, leaving their hair standing and scalps tingling.

"It's unlikely to come out, right… If it could so easily come out, it wouldn't have waited until today." Fors tried to console herself with parched lips.

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957: Getting to Know Each Other

Editor: Atlas Studios

Looking at the Judgment card in hand, Xio was taken aback.

"This greatly meets my expectations."

Shrouded in the gray fog, The Fool nodded and calmly said, "The gathering is held here at three in the afternoon on Mondays, Backlund time. Be prepared.

"During the gathering, you can exchange information, ingredients, formulas, and knowledge. You can also pay a certain price to entrust missions to the other members."

Xio recalled for a moment before nodding in enlightenment.

"Yes, Mr. Fool."

Believing that this was all for the day, she heard the voice coming from the end of the bronze table.

"What did you do before being corrupted by that force?"

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958: Labeling

Editor: Atlas Studios

Dark red beams shot up, materializing into different figures on both sides of the long bronze table.

The unchanging silence above the gray fog was broken as the eternal palace seemed to have an additional, inexplicable sense of life to it.

Just as Justice Audrey regained her senses of her surroundings, she prepared to stand up to greet the existence at the end of the long bronze table.

At this moment, as a senior Spectator, she acutely noticed a difference:

There were two more members than last week!

One of them was a man sitting to the right of Mr. Moon. The other was a lady sitting to the left of The Hermit.

Audrey first felt happy that the Tarot Club was developing and becoming stronger, but then she kept to her professional instincts and quickly began observing.

Due to where she sat, the man opposite her was much easier to observe compared to the lady two seats away from her. Therefore, she placed her attention on the man.

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959: Even Newcomers Are Different Amongst Themselves

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cattleya turned her body slightly to the side and looked at The Magician.

"It's a little complicated. I suggest that you wait for another one to two weeks. I'm unable to promise anything. All I can say is that there should be someone to help you create the mystical item when the time comes."

Should be someone… It also means that it might not be the original Artisan… Does this mean that she's planning on nurturing an Artisan for herself? Or could it be that she's thinking of a way to turn the original Artisan into a Sealed Artifact, using a machine to create machines? Hmm, Ma'am Hermit is indeed an experienced Beyonder… Leonard listened quietly while doing some analysis. It was the first time he was this serious during a meeting.

"No problem." Fors had the utmost confidence in Ma'am Hermit. After all, she had already obtained the Mythical Creature's blood and was likely to undergo a qualitative change in time.

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960: The Fool's Sigh

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing the name "Gehrman Sparrow," all the members on both sides of the long bronze table looked at The World. No one spoke or interjected.

They more or less knew that the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, had once again done something huge such as killing Admiral Hell Ludwell. However, Audrey didn't believe that this was the main reason why he would suffer mental problems.

And the way they acted made Leonard instantly realize a fact: Everyone in the Tarot Club knew that The World was Gehrman Sparrow!

Klein's disguise is really well done… However, why does he let the other members know of his identity as Gehrman Sparrow? Isn't it common sense to hide one's background at such gatherings? Amidst his puzzlement, Leonard heard the blurry-figured The World reply with a hoarse voice, "What clues has MI9 obtained?"

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961: Warning By Informing

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Adam is one step closer to being divine."

Such a simple sentence instantly sent tumultuous waves through every member of the Tarot Club.

Other than Leonard, the other members, including Xio, who had been briefed of the important points by The Magician, immediately recalled the information regarding Adam.

Ancient Sun God, City of Silver's Creator's son, brother of Blasphemer Amon. Suspected to be one of the eight Kings of Angels!

And this mythical figure, who had existed before the Cataclysm, had become active in the real world once again. And "He" was one step closer to being divine!

This… To make Mr. Fool sigh, it means that Adam is probably just one step short of reaching the divine throne, Sequence 0. There's a chance that "He" might make that step at any moment. Alger subconsciously came to a conclusion as he hurriedly clasped his hands and couldn't help but have thoughts run through his mind.

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962: Being Known

Editor: Atlas Studios

Almost instantly, Alger discovered that Mr. Fool was somewhat different than before.

In the past, although Mr. Fool was distant and profound, making "Him" appear unfathomable, as though "He" was looking down upon everything from above, that was all. It wasn't like "He" was now. Even though "He" wasn't doing anything, he seemed to have fused with the entire space, a clear expression of "Him" being the ruler at the pinnacle level.

Sweeping his gaze, Alger saw the third Card of Blasphemy as he felt more certain of his guess.

Indeed, Mr. Fool and the Angel of Imagination Adam had cooperated to machinate Ince Zangwill's demise. One of "Them" obtained 0-08, making "Him" take one step closer to being a god, while the other obtained the various benefits in a Card of Blasphemy and regained a substantial amount of "His" strength!

The times will change as a result! At that instant, Alger had a deeper understanding of what Mr. Fool had just said.

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963: Problem with Intelligence

Editor: Atlas Studios

According to what Leonard knew, amongst the major noble families of the Fourth Epoch's Tudor Empire, the Abraham family was ranked first. It was even stronger than the Amon family who had the Blasphemer. Of course, he couldn't be certain if the Amon family didn't have any members—that it was all filled with the son of god's avatars.

Miss Magician is actually an important member of the Abraham family… Everyone here isn't to be trifled with… Is this what's called a gathering of protagonists? Leonard first sighed before he made a self-deprecating comment.

Derrick didn't say a word, nor did he make any connections. He seriously listened to Mr. World's description, as well as the conversation between the two ladies—The Magician and The Hermit —before keeping them to heart.

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964: Medici's Cause of Death

Editor: Atlas Studios

As expected… After confirming his hypothesis, Leonard didn't harp on the matter as he returned to the topic at hand.

"Old Man, didn't you ask whose dream I entered?

"Yes, on the day we sought revenge against Ince Zangwill, Amon's brother and a King of Angels appeared."

In his mind, the slightly-aged voice didn't immediately reply. After a few seconds, there was a sigh.

"It's just as I expected. Matters related to 0-08 will often attract Adam.

"Thankfully, I chose to sleep ahead of time."

Leonard didn't have the time to ponder over Pallez Zoroast's words as he instinctively cried out, "Old Man, y-you said 'His' name!"

Adam's gaze was about to be cast over, or might have already landed on them!

The slightly-aged voice chuckled.

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965: Brief Crisis

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the top floor of a small building, a black-haired, brown-eyed man donning dark-colored clothes was looking down at the arms deal not far away. This man who looked about twenty-eight couldn't help but say, "He actually got Maysanchez? Oh, Holy Lord of Storms, Alfred, if I had known it would turn out this way, we might as well have done the mission ourselves. Even if all the expenses are deducted, we should still earn at least 20,000 pounds!"

The man beside him was a young man in a black trench coat. He looked about twenty four and had a head of resplendent blond hair and blue eyes that resembled a lake. He had pretty good looks.

Being addressed as Alfred, he shook his head and said, "No, that would be too noticeable. Maysanchez's allegiance has always been unclear. Before figuring out his take on matters, rashly discussing an arms deal with him is extremely dangerous. Dwayne Dantès is able to earn twenty thousand pounds because he dares to take the risk."

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966: Train

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing Alfred look over, Klein returned with a smile and nodded gently.

"I suddenly sensed some danger."

With that said, he calmly turned around and headed for the carriage which Haggis had pointed out.

"Danger…" Alfred repeated the word softly as he warily surveyed his surroundings but failed to find anything odd.

He slowed down his pace, constantly taking note of his surroundings before returning to the nearby three-story building with out-of-the-ordinary vigilance.

Pagani glanced at the heavy-expression wearing Alfred and asked, feeling somewhat puzzled, "What happened?"

He was quite a distance from the arms deal, so he hadn't heard their conversation.

Alfred walked to the window and looked down at the convoy that was prepared to leave after loading the munitions. He deliberated and said, "Dwayne Dantès suddenly left, saying that he had sensed danger."

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967: "Revelation"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cold winds blew across the platform at night, causing the hanging gas lamps to sway.

The light of dusk stretched and shortened from time to time in this scene, allowing the steam locomotive that was silently parked on the tracks to oscillate between being cloaked in shadows or escaping the darkness. It had an indescribable sense of gloom and death.

At this moment, a squad of black-and-white checkered policemen entered the platform. Under the lead of the railway company's duty manager, they walked to the huge train that appeared old.

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968: "Descending" Saint

Editor: Atlas Studios

The cloth doll turned its lifeless eyes before its body stood up straight. It looked towards the area that the crimson moonlight failed to illuminate. There, the man with the lumpy cheek and the other cultists had been standing quietly, but at this moment, they bowed their heads, raising their arms as though they were praying, piously listening to the "revelation."

About two to three seconds later, the cloth doll finally stood up straight. Just as it was about to open its tongueless mouth and produce a voice that didn't belong to the "body" it was in, all its movements suddenly turned sluggish, as though it was a highly-rusted robot.

Hidden amongst the cultists, Klein had seen a strange Spirit Body Thread extend from the cloth doll. Without any hesitation, he began controlling it!

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969: Duke

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, West Borough, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White, who had been summoned, took off his hat and coat and entered the activity room to wait.

In this room, there were a few other Sanguine members who had been called by name to meet the important figure. After surveying the area, Emlyn picked a spot to sit in, right beside a man with a nose so high that it almost seemed deformed.

Adorning his cut face was brown hair and red eyes. He held a comic in his hand, reading through it aimlessly.

He was none other than the Sanguine who had provided Emlyn with the information about the ancient, abandoned castle in Delaire Forest. His name was Ernes Boyar, a viscount.

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970: Talent at Soliciting Donations

Editor: Atlas Studios

After blankly following Ernes Boyar for a distance, Emlyn White gradually abandoned his thoughts.

He glanced at the area beyond the veranda as the downpour grew in intensity. He couldn't help but think, *How should I punish Ernes? Although he had done so because he likely followed orders or a cue, it's still despicable!*

As for Lord Nibbs… I presently do not have the ability. But wait, once I become a marquis or a duke, I'll definitely make him pay the price!

Miss Magician has already completed her exploration of the ancient abandoned castle. I'm not sure if Lord Nibbs had sent Sanguine to monitor the area… From her tone, description, and the feedback given by Mr. Fool, there was probably no monitors… Could it be that Lord Nibbs didn't send any Sanguine to the vicinity of the ancient castle? But what's the point of such a test? Or could it be that they missed it because of some problems?

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971: Restraint

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the observation deck of the liner, the bugle was sounded. It tore through the obstacles put up by the wind and rain, awakening all the passengers on board.

Unable to dress up in time, they could only don a coat or their pajamas, rushing barefoot to the window to observe the situation outside.

Half of the passengers quickly saw a gigantic sailboat that didn't adhere to common sense. They saw its three pitch-black sails and the blob of pale flickering yellow amidst the dark environment.

Together with the howling winds, spattering rain, and the moonless and starless night sky, many passengers felt as though the ship was approaching them from hell, bringing with it an inexplicable sense of horror and dominance.

After a brief pause and frenzy, a name surfaced in their minds: *Black Emperor!*

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972: Nast's Memories

Editor: Atlas Studios

With the pressure relieved, Klein casually pulled a chair over and placed it by the door, sitting opposite King of the Five Seas Nast with the entire hall separating them.

Although the Pirate King was more than 1.9 meters tall and was sitting on a black platform, allowing him to look down in a domineering manner, Klein didn't play second fiddle in this encounter. He wore his tall top hat again.

After a brief silence, Nast, who had the official title of Earl of White Maple, said with a solemn tone, "Give me a reason why I should answer your question."

Klein's thin body casually leaned back as he said, "You will not need to hear the same request when you have something you need to trade with me in the future."

The dark red light flickered in Nast's black eyes as he said, "I basically know all the saints active in this world, but that doesn't include you."

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973: New "Angel"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing Frank's smile, Cattleya had mixed feelings. She then retracted her gaze and turned it to the nearby fishing village where the Future was docked.

No one expected this place to be an important base of the Moses Ascetic Order.

To avoid the pursuit of the Aurora Order, Cattleya and her crew had been docked here recently!

She wasn't in a rush to set sail but was prepared to go ashore. She planned on using the equipment in the fishing village to make contact with her subordinates who were monitoring Artisan Cielf in Bayam. Through that, she could confirm the situation and make plans.

Only with this in place could the Future set sail again, headed for the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, Bayam, that was several days away.

…

In Backlund, the sky brightened especially early in July, but the overall temperature wasn't considered hot. It didn't even exceed 30°C.

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974: Mind World

Editor: Atlas Studios

Hvin Rambis picked up the porcelain teacup and took a sip. Looking at Audrey, who sat in a flawless posture, he said genially, "There's no need to act so reserved. This isn't our first meeting. I still recall discussing Birman's philosophy of ethics and Kongsoka's pragmatism with you two years ago."

Audrey smiled faintly and said, "I just find it difficult to put the idea of you and a Psychology Alchemists councilor together."

Hvin Rambis hadn't introduced himself, but it was a reasonable inference based on Audrey's knowledge of the Psychology Alchemists and the present situation.

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975: A Familiar Feeling

Editor: Atlas Studios

How can you not cause harm to my father from knowing his trump cards? This will bring about negative impacts to matters that he's trying to push for or object to… Floating in the mind world, Audrey looked down at her island of consciousness, her thoughts were so calm that it surprised her.

Right on the heels of that, she suddenly realized why Hvin Rambis had directed Cuarón's suicide.

Audrey had always been concerned about this matter. Furthermore, she had obtained information from various sources, giving her a rather clear idea of the overall picture. However, she had ultimately been stumped about the mastermind's goal.

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976: Zealot

Editor: Atlas Studios

Dressed in pajamas, Klein didn't move. In his spiritual perception, the intruder's Spirit Body Threads appeared.

This also meant that if he so wished, he could turn everyone in 160 Böklund Street into his marionette without leaving the bed. Of course, to a demigod—a Bizarro Sorcerer—the neighbors a few buildings away were within range.

There are many Spirit Bodies around. One of them is helping him fly. He has landed on the opposite balcony… Is it a Beyonder from the Death pathway, or the Evernight pathway? To be able to do this, he must at least be a Sequence 6… He's here for Richardson? No, he's walking towards my bedroom. He has paused and has reached out his right hand to knock gently on my door… He's certain that I've detected him? Klein sat up with a slightly heavy expression.

He had made the initial judgment via the Spirit Body Threads, but subsequently, he did it via direct "sight"—a scene that formed in his mind.

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977: First Sermon

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein wasn't surprised at Patrick Bryan's answer. He nodded gently and said, "Which incarnation number are you at?"

Based on what he knew, Undying died once every sixty years before reviving. They would then lose most of their memories, which needed to be slowly recollected. It was like the beginning of a new life.

This was knowledge that came from the potion, so Patrick Bryan easily understood what the Blessed meant. He deliberated over his words and said, "I'm not 50 yet. I haven't been an Undying for more than 10 years."

Klein then asked, "When did you switch faiths to our Lord?"

Here, "Lord" referred to the Lord of the Underworld.

Bryan recalled for two to three seconds before he said, "I had just celebrated my 30th birthday back then."

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978: Gift

Editor: Atlas Studios

On a night with clear moonlight, in the garden of 160 Böklund Street.

A gray rat crawled out of its hole, running straight for the master bedroom's bed.

As a tiny, black, glue-like blob object floated down, the rat held it over its head like an acrobatic act.

It quickly turned around, ran out of 160 Böklund Street, and headed for the sewer entrance.

At this moment, the gray rat raised its torso up and reached out with two of its paws.

They magically extended as blobs of flesh appeared on its forelimbs!

Then, using its mutated front paws, it moved the manhole cover away without causing a sound!

Without stopping at all, the gray rat headed straight down the sewers, going all the way to the spot where Demoness Trissy previously hid.

It kept digging in a corner until it excavated a mirror fragment from the soil.

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979: Joy of Life

Editor: Atlas Studios

"The traditions in the Southern Continent are really different from ours." Audrey looked down at the feathered cap in the gift box as she marveled, "But it's in line with my taste."

The latter half of her sentence was partially genuine and partially out of politeness. On the one hand, she found the processed feather akin to a piece of artwork, and on the other hand, she found its style too obvious and extreme. It wasn't something she would use as an accessory.

This was akin to how others would have their interest piqued by items with unique and mysterious patterns when visiting ancient ruins. They would be filled with praise over it, but they would seldom purchase similar items to place it at home or use it as an accessory.

Klein smiled in response.

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980: Choice of Parasitic Target

Editor: Atlas Studios

After some placating, Aaron Ceres and Wilma Gladys finally managed to calm down the baby.

Phew… The thin and tall Aaron heaved a sigh of relief and got up. Nudging his gold-rimmed glasses, he nodded at his guest with an apologetic look. After organizing his words for a few seconds, he said, "Sorry about that. Children are often like this."

"Indeed." Klein smiled in reply, indicating that he didn't mind it one bit.

Following that, he changed the topic of conversation and continued sharing his experiences in East and West Balam.

During this process, he made use of his Beyonder powers once more, making everyone in the activity room fall under the effects of an illusion. Then, he picked up the ice-cream which he hadn't finished, changed the spoon and got up with a smile. Walking to the pram, he asked gently, "Will, do you want some?"

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981: Hazel's Decision

Editor: Atlas Studios

After hearing Macht's reply, and combining what he knew, Klein guessed that the rat in the manor was likely the Marauder demigod which had been by Hazel's side. As for why it went rabid and bit Hazel, he was unsure.

He nodded slightly and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"May the Goddess bless her."

After saying that, he walked past the host, entered the hall, and waited for the ball tonight to begin.

…

In a particular bedroom on the third story, Hazel was sitting on a reclining chair feeling dispirited, her feet curled up.

Her left hand was wrapped in thick bandages, but there weren't any more signs of blood. Her expression was heavy, nothing like her usual arrogance.

In the manor, her teacher, that was in the form of a rat, had suddenly bitten her. This resulted in her being stuck in a similar state, her entire being turbid and muddled. It was as though it wasn't her hand that was bitten but her heart.

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982: Bizarro Sorcerer vs Parasite

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he cast his gaze towards the garden, the scene of the area was naturally reflected in Klein's mind.

In the dark corner concealed by the flowers, grayish-white rats spun around wildly like they had been possessed. They kept squeaking as they attempted to push away their own kind and enter the core area.

In the core area lay a gray rat the size of an adult Loen Shorthair—a particular cat breed. Its eyes were slightly red like congealed blood.

Its tail was swishing about rapidly, seemingly in a bid to vent the irascible feelings within.

And whenever ordinary-sized rats approached, it would grab them and bite them to their deaths, causing rat corpses to pile up around it. But even so, this didn't stop the other rats from surging over.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly had two thoughts:

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983: In Your Name

Editor: Atlas Studios

Pa!

When the flicked gold coin landed in his palm, Klein didn't even see if it was heads or tails. This was because his mind was fixed on a particular scene:

Amidst the woods, the clouds high in the sky failed to completely conceal the stars that dotted the black velvet sky. The humming, clicking, and thrumming sounds of the insects spread far into the night, mixed with the two commotions of the two "explosions" inside Moose Manor.

Klein rapidly used his knowledge from astromancy, and he roughly gauged the exact location of the scene. Then, his body phased away, appearing beside Enuni before grabbing his shoulder.

During this process, Klein collected the transparent maggots he had implanted in the rats and insects before severing the connection of the Spirit Body Threads.

In just two seconds, he vanished from Moose Manor which was gradually turning chaotic and noisy, teleporting to the spot that he had seen in his mind.

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984: Active Response

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein didn't directly teleport back to 160 Böklund Street. Instead, he went to sea with Enuni, found a secluded spot, and chanted the honorific name of The Fool.

Then, he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog. With a beckon, he summoned a paper figurine.

Immediately after that, he picked up one of the Cards of Blasphemy on the long bronze table in front of him, and he placed it inside his body.

Klein suddenly had an additional dark red robe. This appearance seemed to look like rust and settled gunpowder that had been stained by copious amounts of blood. As for his face, it was covered by a dark gold mask. The patterns on its were ancient and set off a contrasting appearance with the crown he wore that was embedded with gems that sparkled red, blue, and green.

This was a change that the Red Priest card brought about.

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985: Blessed of Concealment

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the boundless grayish-white, inside the magnificent palace.

Just as Leonard Mitchell's figure appeared to the side of the long bronze table, he subconsciously stood up and wanted to bow to Mr. Fool.

However, when he looked over, he found the seat empty. No one was sitting there.

Doesn't Mr. Fool usually sit there? A thought flashed through Leonard's mind as he cast his gaze to the other end of the long mottled table.

The World was sitting there silently as though he was fused with the gray fog in an indistinct blur.

"…There's only the two of us. There's no need to deliberately use Gehrman Sparrow's appearance," Leonard casually said to The World as he sat back down.

After discovering Mr. Fool's absence, he instantly became relaxed. He wasn't as reserved as he was in the previous Tarot Gathering—just short of throwing his leg up on the table.

"It's a habit," Klein replied succinctly.

Leonard nodded in thought.

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986: The "Infectiousness" of Parasitizing

Editor: Atlas Studios

So Mr. Fool also has authority in the aspect of concealment… Leonard came to a realization as he understood why Old Man had specially mentioned the need for the blessings of concealment.

Without waiting for his reply, Klein added, "In addition, tell Pallez Zoroast that Amon might very well know that there's a Marauder pathway angel in the vicinity of Böklund Street."

This… Leonard's pupils dilated as he blurted out, "How would 'He' know that?"

It's not convenient to tell you why… Klein mumbled inwardly before replying rather sternly, "It's not like I'm Amon."

"Which of 'His' actions or words made you come to this conclusion?" Leonard asked subconsciously.

No, it's me who "told" "Him"… Klein chuckled as a response.

Indeed… Leonard nodded and said, "No problem. I'll inform Old Man of this."

He paused for a moment before asking, "Are you waiting for 'Him' to give a detailed plan?"

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987: "Warehouse Clearance"

Editor: Atlas Studios

After the greetings, everyone took their seats. Audrey swept her gaze across the third Card of Blasphemy placed beside Mr. Fool's right hand. She suddenly came to a realization that she had forgotten to obtain Roselle's diary entries from the Psychology Alchemists this week.

I've been caught up with the problem with Hvin Rambis all week… Audrey, who felt that she had already brightened up, instantly felt a little melancholic.

At this moment, Cattleya had looked towards the seat of honor at the end of the long mottled table. She bowed her head and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool. I haven't received any Roselle diary entries this week as well."

Queen Mystic hasn't provided any of the emperor's diary entries for two consecutive weeks. Did something happen? Leisurely sitting in his high-back chair, The Fool Klein felt somewhat puzzled as he couldn't help but have pessimistic thoughts.

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988: Joint Operation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Emlyn couldn't help but clasp his hands together, lift up his chin, and say to Miss Magician diagonally opposite him, "I've already confirmed that the ancient abandoned castle in Delaire Forest is an internal test that the Sanguine had given me, having hidden the key situation."

With that said, he felt as though a weight had been lifted off his chest. He no longer felt as hesitant, embarrassed due to the difficult situation he was in.

He surveyed the area and looked for Ma'am Hermit's and Mr. Hanged Man's reaction. He realized that they appeared to have expected it, showing no signs of surprise.

From the looks of it, they had already an idea when Miss Magician mentioned the problem with the intel… Emlyn nodded in secret and added before Miss Magician replied, "I'm very sorry. I will refund you the 300 pounds for the intel fee. In addition, I'll pay you another 300 pounds. Also, I will punish the Sanguine who deliberately omitted information."

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989: Mentor Alger

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing The Moon's question, the rest of the Tarot Club members realized that the main instigator for the punishment had ended up with nothing to do!

According to the established plan, all he needed to do was provide the name, address, and appearance before waiting for the outcome. Miss Judgment was in charge of tracking and investigations to figure out the target's patterns. Miss Justice and Mr. Star would then choose a suitable location based on the feedback before Mr. Star threw the Sanguine into an unconscious state without attracting any attention. Miss Justice would then take this opportunity to complete a hypnotism act and make the target proceed to the predetermined location.

In this entire process, there was nothing for The Moon.

Uh… Audrey deliberated and said, "Mr. Moon, what you need to do is to ensure that the hypnotized Sanguine doesn't encounter any accidents on the way to the cathedral, without him struggling or being rescued…"

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990: Inner Fears

Editor: Atlas Studios

Almost instinctively, Leonard looked around the table and realized that none of the other Tarot Club members showed any hint of surprise. Instead, they were listening attentively.

They knew of it long ago? That's right. This is only my second gathering. I haven't had the chance to learn about many things… The secrets that get exchanged here sure are plentiful… Leonard retracted his gaze and returned to his original sitting posture.

After a slight pause, Audrey glanced at Xio, who sat two seats away from her, before casting her gaze at Mr. Hanged Man. She continued, "He attempted to cue me to interact with different nobles and understand their true attitude over different matters. I would then inform him of them. Thankfully, Mr. Fool had provided me with the blessings of an angel. So I wasn't influenced in any way. Uh, what should I do next?"

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991: A Ritual Without A "Reply"

Editor: Atlas Studios

After ending the private communication, Klein made The World Gehrman Sparrow look at Cattleya.

"Please inform Queen Mystic that I wish to meet her to talk about something. The exact time and location is up to her."

Queen Mystic? So Ma'am Hermit represents the royals above the Five Seas… Leonard was first taken aback before he came to a realization.

What's the matter? Cattleya frowned slightly in a wary manner.

"I will forward her your intentions, but I cannot provide any guarantees over her agreement."

"Okay." The World Gehrman Sparrow nodded simply, indicating that it was fine.

At this moment, Derrick finally had an opportunity as he asked, "Everyone…"

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992: Arrodes's Congratulations

Editor: Atlas Studios

"You are?" Klein asked in a rather complicated state of calmness.

The lady in a simple robe nodded and said, "Arianna, Servant of Concealment."

Servant of Concealment… Arianna… Klein's eyes constricted, as he knew who the lady was.

As a former Nighthawk, how could he not be aware of the name "Arianna"?

She was the Evernight Cloister's matron, head of the thirteen archbishops, a likely candidate for the future Pope. Regardless of which identity she had, she was part of the general knowledge that couldn't be avoided in religious studies and mysticism!

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993: Another Possibility

Editor: Atlas Studios

Allowing the Spirit Body to receive protection of a dream to slow down the encroachment of danger at night… This is similar to the necessity to sleep when night fell in the ruins of the battlefield of the gods…

Also, the powers in the Forsaken Land of the Gods likely isn't under the Goddess's control. Once one vanishes in the darkness over there, they definitely won't enter the foggy town… Where will it point towards? Or would they stay in the same spot, unable to interact with companions and the real world until they die of starvation or old age… After reading Arrodes's reply, Klein was somewhat enlightened as he roughly grasped the crux of the issue.

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994: Prelude

Editor: Atlas Studios

At 7 Pinster Street, Leonard, who had specially returned home to participate in the Tarot Gathering, was just about to head to Saint Samuel Cathedral's basement to read the dossiers so as to make preparations for his placating of souls at night when his vision suddenly went into a blur. He saw the messenger in a dark, full dress holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

As a Soul Assurer, he could already see such creatures with Spirit Bodies.

After taking Klein's letter, Leonard didn't even have the chance to say thank you when Reinette Tinekerr turned around and walked into the void. She didn't even stay for long.

"…Old Man, why does Klein have a messenger of this level? Is this a perk of being a Blessed?" Leonard couldn't help but ask Pallez Zoroast with a suppressed voice.

He originally fantasized that it was standard for every Tarot Club member, but he later realized that he had been imagining things.

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995: "Conjoined Person"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Emlyn glanced at Ian, raised his hand to pinch his nose, and chuckled.

"It appears you don't understand me. It's okay. A more simple description is to gather information about foreigners that come from the Southern Continent, especially from the Star Highlands and the Paz River Valley.

"What information do you want exactly? There are plenty of pure-blooded people from the Southern Continent in Backlund. Those that you've mentioned are also common," Ian calmly asked without flaring up due to the contempt he received.

Emlyn laughed.

"The ones that are a bit more abnormal. They do things in a fishy manner and seem to all be mysterious. You should understand what I'm getting at."

"There are definitely many people you describe. In Backlund, they are either servants, workers, or thieves—being part of gangs. As the latter will all meet your criteria of being abnormal, fishy, and mysterious." Ian sincerely pointed out how unpragmatic Emlyn's request was.

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996: Card Game

Editor: Atlas Studios

After entering the East Balam Military Veterans Mess, Klein handed his cane and hat to his valet, Enuni, only to see Colonel Calvin of the Loen Kingdom's Ministry of Defense wearing an army uniform, waiting at the foyer with a glass of red wine in hand.

This long-faced officer smiled as he raised his cup at Dwayne Dantès.

"Long time no see."

"It really has been a while." Klein smiled as he walked over.

Colonel Calvin immediately offered his right hand.

"Congratulations. You did pretty well. Everyone was very pleased."

"I was very pleased as well." Klein used a Loen-styled euphemism to express his pleasure in cooperating. He then shook hands with him.

Calvin retracted his arm and glanced at Macht before he said with a laughing sigh, "Back when you first introduced Dwayne, I was quite distrustful of your judgment, but now I understand how you're a Member of Parliament."

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997: "Gambling God" Dwayne

Editor: Atlas Studios

The core rules of Texas Hold'em were very simple. It was to use two hole cards and five community cards to form a hand with any five-card combination. Whoever had the biggest hand won. And the community cards were dealt in three phases. Three community cards to form "the flop" in the first phase, a fourth community card called "the turn" in the second phase, and a fifth community card called "the river" in the third phase. Each phase allowed players to fold, check, call, or raise. This continued until everyone was done or until one person didn't fold.

Klein fiddled with the chip in his hand as he divined the existence of any lucky instances within the next few rounds. However, he was unable to tell which exact round it was. After all, it was only a quick and simple divination with average effects.

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998: Establishing Relations

Editor: Atlas Studios

With dark blue eyes, Qonas Kilgor, who had crew cut hair which was seldom seen among members of high society, held a cup of champagne as he walked up to Dwayne Dantès. He said with a smile, "You had great luck today. You also had plenty of courage."

If he's referring to me immediately folding after receiving a Bribe, with me rather losing a big blind, that's not luck but knowledge… As for the other times, playing cards with all of you has pretty much drained all of Enuni's recently accumulated good luck… Klein swirled the cup with pale golden alcohol in his hand and said with a laughing sigh, "For a person who doesn't care about the outcome, there's naturally nothing to fear.

"Heh heh, Praise the Lady!"

He was using a Loen-style euphemism to indicate that he was mainly here to lose money and that his good luck was all thanks to the blessings of a deity. It had nothing to do with himself.

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999: Instigation

Editor: Atlas Studios

When Ernes left on a carriage, the few bounty hunters hiding in the vicinity immediately appeared. Without being stingy about the costs involved, they immediately stopped any rental carriages that passed by. Some memorized the target carriage's traits and attempted to take shortcuts through the cramped, isolated paths to catch up to it. Others rode on the bikes they had prepared ahead of time, swerving through the crowds and carriages with their bells ringing. It was very easy for them to keep pace.

Among them, only Xio was completely composed. She remained in her spot, watching Ernes and her peers leave.

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1000: Prelude

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the grand palace above the gray fog.

Through Enuni's prayer point of light, Klein saw the scene inside his valet's room.

As his vision pulled out and slowly extended out, he began taking in all of Böklund Street. Among buildings covered in fresh flowers and grass, Intis parasol trees that shielded the sunlight slowly swept past. There were slow-moving carriages that were elegantly or beautifully adorned, and youths dashing quickly on bikes.

Finally, Klein locked onto Unit 39—Member of Parliament Macht's residence. He then lowered his field of view and began observing every animal and human to see if there was any black-haired, black-eyed, monocle-wearing man.

Phew… There's no switching or grafting of fate… Nearly ten minutes later, Klein heaved a sigh of relief.

At this moment, a carriage drove into Macht's residence and stopped at their doorstep.

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1001: First Movement

Editor: Atlas Studios

When the Wraith in front of him was gone, Emlyn White retracted his gaze, untied the thread on the dossier, and pulled out the documents inside.

As he read through them, Emlyn had a rough idea of Ernes Boyar's routine.

This Sanguine Viscount had a routine which was rather random—staying at home, out visiting exhibitions, partaking in wine tasting at manors in the city outskirts, shopping at department stores with female companions, or sketching female models. He was like the typical wealthy man.

However, Ernes had recently been visiting St. George Borough every other day to monitor the renovations of the furniture factory he had invested in. It was a bid to ensure that it could quickly resume work.

This way, the Sanguine Viscount's lifestyle became repetitive. The places he visited, the paths he took, and the places he had lunch were repeated every other day.

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1002: Second Movement

Editor: Atlas Studios

Saint Hierländ Square, in the northwestern corner, at the third story of a restaurant.

When the wolf specter with the rose appeared in front of Ernes Boyar, the silver-haired, scarlet-eyed Mistral retracted his gaze from Ernes Boyar. Darkness suffused from behind him as countless tiny bats flew within.

Bribe… Just as this Sanguine Earl silently muttered this single word, he "saw" the toppled carriage, "heard" the neighing of the horse, and "smelled" all kinds of smells. However, he wasn't able to instantly find the origin of the disturbance and accident.

At this moment, his "vision" darkened as his "eyes" seemed to lose the ability to take in light. The din in his "ears" also halted!

Earl Mistral chortled inwardly as he immediately fused with the bats behind him, re-materializing beside Ernes Boyar.

Suddenly, in his black "vision," a point of light appeared.

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1003: Ritornello

Editor: Atlas Studios

After throwing everything other than his clothes, Ernes Boyar was stunned for a moment before he snapped to his senses.

What am I doing? What did I do? This Sanguine Viscount finally recalled the matters he had deliberately forgotten—those pair of emerald-green, limpid eyes.

A psychological cue, no—hypnosis… Ernes Boyar looked around in anger and irresistible horror, instinctively taking in the situation he was in.

His gaze then landed on the mountain-like figure. He saw Father Utravsky with his thin and sparse brows.

Instantly, Ernes Boyar had all sorts of thoughts run through his mind and collide with one another. He quickly came up with one intense thought.

He didn't put up any resistance, and he immediately said, "I'll come here to do a month of volunteer work!"

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1004: Third Movement

Editor: Atlas Studios

Gray rat… Klein's eyelids twitched as he didn't hesitate to turn back into his half-open room, leave the balcony, and enter the master bedroom. He then entered the bathroom.

He moved at an adequate pace, doing so as though he had been repeating this entire process like a daily routine.

Locking the bathroom's door, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and passed through the gray fog filled with ravings and roars, finally taking his seat on the high-back chair of The Fool.

And before this, he made his valet, Enuni, who was standing by the corridor, softly pray to Sea God Kalvetua.

Using the corresponding point of light, he beckoned for the Sea God Scepter and began expanding his vision. He then locked onto the carriage that was driving towards Macht's residence—39 Böklund Street.

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1005: Fourth Movement

Editor: Atlas Studios

Wearing a monocle, Amon, who wore the appearance of Enuni, didn't seem like an infiltrator or assailant. Instead, "He" appeared like a visitor as "He" eagerly mentioned all the preparations "He" had done, as well as Arrodes's origins.

"He" paused before "He" could finish "His" sentence. Dwayne Dantès opposite "Him" had turned into a dirty gray rat.

The rat raised its right claw, pressing at its eye.

At the same time, in the garden of 160 Böklund Street, with his thin and cut, black-haired, brown-eyed face, Gehrman Sparrow appeared in the middle of a bunch of roses.

Back when Amon was saying something highly enticing, "He" had secretly split off a Worm of Time in an attempt to invade Klein's body in order to Parasitize him. However, Klein had been on high alert the entire time. He detected this attempt via the changes in his Spirit Body Threads, so he rapidly created a marionette at the critical moment and swapped locations!

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1006: Finale and Ending

Editor: Atlas Studios

It was an ordinary paper crane, bursting into scarlet red flames just as it flew out, scattering ashes in the process.

Amon, who had been looking up into the sky, suddenly turned "His" head and looked at the paper crane who was a vessel of flames. "He" then raised His" palm again.

A cold glint had lit up in the eye beneath the monocle.

Suddenly, the flames on the paper crane's surface vanished. Klein and his ability to swap locations with his marionette vanished. Likewise for Flame Controlling, Flaming Jump, and Air Cannon!

In that instant, he had six Beyonder powers stolen—four of which were rather important ones!

If Amon was able to make a few more thefts, then Klein might've even turned into an ordinary person.

This was "Theft" at the angel level!

Amidst the extinguishing flames, the paper crane slowly floated.

…

Backlund, Dr. Aaron's house, in a black pram.

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1007: Dealing With The Aftermath

Editor: Atlas Studios

On 160 Böklund Street, after watching Leonard fly out of the world of Concealment with the Word of the Sea in one hand, Klein turned his attention back onto his surroundings.

He first observed Winner Enuni. He originally imagined that he couldn't use the marionette that had been Parasitized by Amon, but to his surprise, he realized that he could control his Spirit Body Threads again!

This… Klein was first stunned before he came to a realization.

When Snake of Fate Will Auceptin used Reboot to reverse Amon's condition in time, it also made the things "He" Parasitize experience similar changes. Hence, Enuni had turned back into his marionette!

As expected of the strongest power of a Monster pathway's Sequence 1… Klein heaved a sigh of relief before allowing his figure to fade away from where he stood.

He "Teleported" back to his master bedroom, leaving a bunch of marionettes around to defend against any accidents.

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1008: Splitting

Editor: Atlas Studios

Minutes later, Klein—with the face of Gehrman Sparrow—walked out of 39 Böklund Street with Miss Justice Audrey and headed for places where the other Parasite victims were.

After a few silent steps, Klein suddenly looked ahead and said, "It's not rare to see such matters happen among unaffiliated Beyonders. Without any suitable guidance, it often implies that they're constantly dancing at the edge of a cliff with the possibility of falling at any time."

Audrey tersely acknowledged and said after a few seconds, "I know. Compared to before, I'm not as… not as…"

She deliberated for a moment before breaking into a grimacing smile, as though she had found a suitable adjective she required to mock herself.

"Naive."

Phew… She then exhaled without hiding it as she looked ahead. "If I had known that the mysterious world was so cruel and terrifying last June, I might not have raised the request of becoming a Beyonder."

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1009: Payment Is Always Exacted for What's Bestowed

Editor: Atlas Studios

Leonard immediately felt very relieved when he heard Old Man Pallez.

He cast his attention back to the angel-level battle that happened in the afternoon and asked rather curiously, "Which pathway's angel does that giant serpent phantom belong to?"

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a moment before saying with a sigh, *"Snake of Fate. The councilor of the Life School of Thought. A Sequence 1 angel.*

"I never expected 'Him' to join them…"

Councilor of the Life School of Thought? "He" has also become a Blessed of Mr. Fool? The corresponding card is the Wheel of Fortune? Leonard's eyes widened as he realized that Mr. Fool's faction seemed comparable to the seven orthodox Churches. It was truly unfathomable.

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1010: Consultant Fee

Editor: Atlas Studios

After rubbing his forehead, Klein was just about to split another Worm of Spirit when he suddenly saw Reinette in her dark, complicated-looking dress walk out of the void and stand beside the desk.

In the mouth of one of Miss Messenger's heads was a neatly folded letter.

"Who's it from?" Klein asked in passing.

Reinette Tinekerr's remaining three heads replied, "The…" "Mushroom…" "King's…" "Superior…"

Mushroom King? Klein was stunned for a full two seconds before realizing that it could be Frank Lee.

And Frank Lee's superior was Admiral of Stars, Cattleya.

"The 'Mushroom King' is Frank Lee?" Klein asked in confirmation as he reached out to take the letter.

With the four blonde, red-eyed heads' hair being held, they were made to bob up and down as though they were nodding.

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1011: Roselle's Other Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

It was late at night with the thick clouds concealing the moon. It was dark across the Backlund Bridge.

Just as Klein "Teleported" here, he saw green pea vines descend from the sky like a storm that enveloped his surroundings before he could look around.

They intertwined and quickly formed a forest. They stacked upwards in layers, making it impossible to see its peak.

Klein released his right hand's grip on his top hat and familiarly followed up the path paved by the vines.

It didn't take long before he saw a naturally-formed swing made out of green plants. He also saw Queen Mystic Bernadette who stood beside the swing.

This eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle had a head of long chestnut hair. She wore a blouse with laced flowers that formed a bow tie. She matched it with a gray dress that went past her knees and a pair of Wellington leather boots. She also wore a bonnet with a hanging black fishnet.

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1012: First Day of September

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Dear Mr. Azik,

"Ever since September was ushered in, Backlund's temperature has been dropping day after day. Recently, the elderly can already be seen wearing gloves when outdoors.

"Just like last year, the smog has begun to envelop the city. This would happen one to two days a week, or even more. Clearly, the environmental measures governing air pollution aren't something that can be resolved in a year or two. It will take at least five years. Something that should be worth being happy about is that the pungent smell in the air has already lessened significantly. My Sanguine friend is very pleased with such weather.

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1013: Individual Growth

Editor: Atlas Studios

The 36 Zouteland Street of the past was just filled with a cement foundation, with each floor's two windows forming the shape of an arch with their covers being shut. It had the architectural traits of post-1300s of the Fifth Epoch, and the natural lighting wasn't very good.

After its reconstruction, the bottom floor had a small sheltered porch with two oriel windows that extended to the second floor. The thinner portion of the window frames had a wall and a decorative column that supported a thin stone beam. Above the oriel window was a parapet that connected straight to the third floor.

This was a three-story architectural style that had been made popular in recent years.

His thoughts seemingly going adrift, Leonard had a feeling that he had come to the wrong place.

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1014: The Growing Group

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Alright," Emlyn replied very calmly.

Maric didn't speak further as his figure vanished.

He knew that it was impossible to come up with a specific plan in an instant. Emlyn White had to first seek the opinion of the upper echelons of the Sanguine; therefore, he didn't stay.

This might be a chance for me to obtain godhood and become an Earl… Emlyn smiled as he watched the Wraith, Maric, leave silently.

He had yet to digest the Scarlet Scholar Beyonder characteristic. The so-called opportunity to become an Earl referred to the promise of obtaining a free ritual and the corresponding potion formula.

The carriage continued forward and stopped at the entrance of the Harvest Church. Emlyn looked at the grayish-white fog in the sky with a look of satisfaction, pressed down on his silk top hat, and unhurriedly alighted the carriage before entering the cathedral's door.

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1015: March of War

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, at the residence of the furniture merchant, Hampres.

Audrey once again met the councilor of the Psychology Alchemists, Hvin Rambis.

This old gentleman remained warm and elegant, his white but lush hair was neatly combed. His blue, deep eyes seemed to contain infinite knowledge.

Upon seeing him, Audrey's eyes wore a vacant look before she came to a realization. It was as though she had finally awoken from a long dream and recovered her lost memories.

She wasn't surprised or puzzled by this at all, accepting this fact without any resistance as if it was something very normal.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Rambis," Audrey greeted with the etiquette that was flawless.

Rambis nodded slightly and replied with a smile, "Good afternoon, our girl."

Over the past month or so, he had gradually adopted the idea that she was the "pride of the Psychology Alchemists" and the "most important girl."

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1016: News from the Numinous Episcopate

Editor: Atlas Studios

160 Böklund Street, inside Dwayne Dantès's mansion.

Klein stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, watching as the rain began to descend along with the wind. The rain hit the ground and the glass, intersecting to form a mesh.

Ever since autumn, Backlund had started to rain again. It brought with it a lingering coldness and humidity.

Klein stood there motionless for a long time, watching silently into the distance through the blurry rainy scene, his eyes unfocused.

Only when his spiritual perception was triggered did he stop his wandering thoughts and turned his head to the side.

Reinette, with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand, had a letter as she walked out of the void.

"Who is it from this time?" Klein asked Miss Messenger out of habit.

The last letter he received came from Sharron. The lady had told him that she had successfully completed the ritual and advanced to Sequence 4 Puppet of the Prisoner pathway.

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1017: Maygur Manor

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, Empress Borough, in the outskirts towards the northwest. This was a place that needed more than an hour via horse carriage. Maygur Manor was built by the side of the Tussock River, so it had beautiful scenery around it with flourishing vegetation within its confines.

Strangely enough, Backlund's city areas had perennial rain with relatively few sunny days. However, in the outskirts, the clouds tended to be thin, and the sun was always bright. Despite the short distance, the two places had completely different weather. It was most obvious within the northwestern outskirts. It was even a rather famous grape plantation in the Northern Continent. And by following the Tussock River from this region northwest for another fifty kilometers, one would again encounter weather similar to Backlund's city area.

Such situations left meteorologists puzzled. They couldn't find any suitable theories to explain the reason. However, Klein had a vague guess.

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1018: Unexpected

Editor: Atlas Studios

Empress Borough, by the side of Viscount Stratford's mansion.

Fors and Xio, who were dressed in black dresses, hid in a dark corner. They stared intently at the tightly closed metal gates as they patiently waited for their target to appear.

It wasn't raining tonight, so they didn't have to face harsh weather conditions. The carriage that remained parked by the side of the street lamps made it clear to them that their patience would be rewarded. It was only a matter of time.

After an unknown period of time, the gates produced a heavy metal groan as they slowly opened.

A figure in a black cloak appeared with its head bowed. The figure walked to the side of the carriage and nimbly boarded the carriage.

"Is that her?" Fors lowered her voice and asked Xio.

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1019: Patience

Editor: Atlas Studios

"How was it? Did you take a good look?" Just as Fors left the street where Viscount Stratford's mansion was, she saw Xio walk out with a down and vacant expression.

Xio nodded hesitantly.

"I did…"

Having said that, she seemed to come to her senses and said in shock, "I know her—no, him!"

"Him?" Fors was confused.

Xio habitually observed her surroundings before saying, "He's Sherman! The Sherman I told you about!

"H-he actually became a woman!"

Fors was stunned as she subconsciously asked, "Were you mistaken?

"Could she be Sherman's sister?"

Xio firmly shook her head.

"No, she admitted it herself and even told me not to disturb her. She wants to bid farewell to her past!

"But… how did he become a woman…"

Fors's eyes darted around as she suddenly recalled something. She said in thought, "It's not impossible either… There's a Beyonder

pathway that allows a man to become a woman at a certain stage."

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1020: Means of a Demoness

Editor: Atlas Studios

As his thoughts raced, Klein suddenly switched positions with his valet, Enuni, who was in the opposite room.

And under a grapevine 150 meters from the manor's main building, a slowly crawling centipede suddenly stiffened before it relaxed.

Almost at the same time, its body vanished from its location. Dwayne Dantè in his blue and white checkered pajamas had appeared.

Klein had swapped places with his marionette again!

He decided to use this method to secretly tail Qonas Kilgor and figure out where he was going or what he was planning on doing.

Although he could only "move" 150 meters a time, and it took two to three seconds in between "moves" due to the process of turning the target into a marionette, this was more concealed compared to Flaming Jump or Teleport. It made it difficult for Qonas Kilgor to detect him.

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1021: Cross

Editor: Atlas Studios

Xio hesitated when she heard Fors's question.

"We were discovered…"

They had said something similar before, but they were repeating it again now. However, it didn't have the same meaning. Previously, it was referring to being discovered by the guardian or monitor when she recognized Sherman. Now, the crux of the matter was that their choice and corresponding actions were expected and arranged by the person behind the scenes. They had no secrets to speak of.

This meant that the chance that Xio had been longing for might've really appeared, but what lay behind this matter was inconceivable.

"If we follow the intention behind this 'message.' The final outcome will depend on whether she has good intentions, but that's not something under our control," Xio added from a rational angle.

The reason why she had used "she" to represent the person behind the scenes was because she had recalled the fragrance she smelled when she lost Sherman the other time.

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1022: Answer

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amidst the violent hurricane, Viscount Stratford was like a helpless leaf that was pitifully thrown about as though he could be torn to pieces at any moment.

In this state, he couldn't react at all, much less speak. All he could do was rely on a Disciplinary Paladin's powerful body to barely hold on, hoping that he wouldn't lose a limb or head inside this terrifying hurricane.

He originally believed that the hunt had succeeded and that Trissy's capture was at hand. Furthermore, he was extremely certain that his target didn't have helpers; hence, all his attention was focused on Shermane. To his surprise, he suddenly became the prey and fell into a trap without any prior warning.

Upon realizing that the hurricane was beginning to weaken and that he had only suffered some damage from the impact and didn't receive any fatal wounds, Viscount Stratford hurriedly tried to regain control of his body in preparation for the upcoming battle.

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1023: Mason Dere's Death

Editor: Atlas Studios

His Majesty… Xio was a little confused and filled with confusion when she heard Viscount Stratford's reply.

She found it inexplicable that Shermane would deliberately approach this captain of the royal guards just to investigate where his loyalties lay. This didn't seem to be something of great importance or value.

As for Viscount Stratford's answer, it was very normal and without any faults.

Shermane paid with her life for such an answer? Xio originally wished to press for the reason behind Shermane's investigation of such a trivial matter, but she immediately realized that it might involve key intel too soon. It might cause Viscount Stratford, who hadn't entered the necessary "state," to put up resistance. So she gradually held back her instinctive urge.

She thought for a moment and asked, "Do you know Mason Dere?"

"Yes," Viscount Stratford answered blankly.

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1024: Traditional Skills

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the palace above the gray fog, Klein, who was holding the Sea God Scepter, looked at the Black Emperor card and the Tyrant card on the table in front of him with a heavy look.

Although Viscount Stratford's answer could only prove that King George III hid a great secret, had played a crucial role in the Great Smog of Backlund, and was highly likely to be a mass murderer, it couldn't be said that he had spearheaded everything and was the true mastermind. After all, he might only be a puppet. But to Klein, this was already enough. The target was clear, and he had clues to investigate what they were planning.

Seeing that Miss Magician and Miss Judgment had left the area where the abnormality had happened and were practically safe, Klein retracted his gaze and continued to observe the actions of MI9 deputy director, Qonas Kilgor, via prayer vision.

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1025: Random Anomalies

Editor: Atlas Studios

The full-body mirror's silver words seemed to have a life of their own as they vanished and reformed:

"The Concerto of Light and Shadow is a pocket watch. It can restrict certain actions in a particular area, and it can also strip certain Beyonder powers from the target. When the two are put together, the limitations that are created far exceed the two types.

"The Concerto of Light and Shadow is also able to 'gift' certain negative side effects to the target, making him sluggish; eager; avaricious; or lose their fighting spirit, only capable of focusing his attention on money.

"Apart from these effects, the Sealed Artifact's wielder would have the ability to distort the target's speech, actions, intentions, and attacks. It can reduce a lethal blow into a serious injury, or it could repel an attack, turning progression into retrogression, escaping into leading a charge.

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1026: Two Restrictions

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing the young man in the black trench coat appear with a black revolver in hand, Qonas Kilgor, who was no stranger to all the important figures in the world, immediately responded.

The thumb on his left hand that held the iron-skinned pocket watch was rapidly moving, reaching for one of the metal buttons on the messy inlays of the pocket watch. He suddenly raised his right arm, aiming at Gehrman Sparrow with the six gray gun barrels that formed a circle.

This process was like a fleeting spark that quickly came to an end. As for Qonas Kilgor's left thumb, it had pressed down.

He overcame his instinct and didn't directly use Restriction from the Concerto of Light and Shadow.

This was because he didn't know Gehrman Sparrow well enough, unsure as to what he was best at. Furthermore, the person with Gehrman Sparrow's appearance might not be Gehrman Sparrow. Blindly using Restriction would only be a waste of an opportunity.

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1027: Deceit

Editor: Atlas Studios

After Qonas Kilgor realized which Beyonder pathway his enemy belonged to, all the Gehrman Sparrows in the garden, vineyard, and main building, raised their left hand. They curled their middle finger, ring finger, and pinky, extending their index finger and thumb, making them take on the simple shape of a gun.

The index fingers that represented barrels and muzzles aimed at Qonas Kilgor in the air before their respective arms jerked up seemingly due to the recoil.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Amidst deafening noises, illusory doves appeared to the side of the Earl of The Fallen who was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers. They flew at him from every direction in a spectacular sight of utmost beauty.

This was the random anomaly that came about from the iron-skinned pocket watch and Concerto of Light and Shadow. It made the Air Cannons which could blast through houses turn into doves of peace that didn't pose any threat!

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1028: Saving Himself

Editor: Atlas Studios

No good… My Spirit Body Threads… have been controlled by him…
Having met Faceless Beyonders, Marionettists, or Bizarro Sorcerers, and even fighting senior Beyonders and demigods, Qonas Kilgor wasn't unfamiliar with the predicament he was in. He was even rather familiar with it and knew quite a bit.

Therefore, he knew very well that he had fallen into a lethal trap. The time he had left to save himself didn't exceed fifteen seconds!

And in these fifteen seconds, his thoughts would turn more and more sluggish, and the speed at which he could come up with solutions would slow down. Towards the end, just the thought of a solution would take him several seconds. Yet, his stiff and dull body would require plenty of time to actualize his thoughts. This also meant that he had about ten seconds to save himself!

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1029: Ruins No. 1

Editor: Atlas Studios

No… Qonas Kilgor stood on the spot as a strong feeling of despair emerged in his heart.

As a military demigod who had experienced many dangers, he had a clear understanding of his current situation. He could already hear the footsteps of death approaching him.

He wanted to struggle and risk it by revealing his Mythical Creature form, but his orders didn't do a thing with his sluggish mind.

His body had been "Parasitized" and was no longer under his control!

At that moment, Qonas Kilgor wasn't even capable of shedding a tear.

Under the gigantic crimson moon's illumination, one second after another passed. Suddenly, Qonas Kilgor raised his left hand and touched his crew haircut.

He had already become Klein's marionette.

In fact, he still had a chance at the final moment. As the "Parasite" effect didn't last long enough for him to become a marionette, he had those two or three seconds to reveal his Mythical Creature form.

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1030: Joint Operations

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, North Borough, Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The cardinal of the Church of Storms, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus descended amidst the wind, landing inside the steeple with a huge clock to the left.

He donned a black robe with the Storm symbol and had thick facial hair. His hair was short and stood up, colored in a dark blue that was almost black.

This muscular demigod cast his gaze to the other side and said to the figure who was already waiting there, "Horamick, do you know what happened? Why did Anthony suddenly invite us over here?"

The person he spoke to was dressed in a white priest robe and a clergyman's bonnet. He had a genial and mild expression, and he was none other than the Church of Steam's Divine Council member, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, the demigod, Horamick Haydn.

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1031: Possibility

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the sky lit up, the manors along the Tussock River's north bank began to wake up amidst the morning mist.

The tall and portly Framis Cage came to the guest room where Qonas Kilgor slept last night. He knocked on the door and prepared to have breakfast with this MI9 deputy director.

However, there was no response.

Has the Brigadier General headed for the dining room? Framis Cage turned around in puzzlement and left the first floor.

After breakfast was over, everyone realized that Qonas Kilgor had vanished. Under Dwayne Dantès's lead, they headed outside the guest room and watched the land steward, Richardson, open the door with his key.

There was no one inside.

"Does Brigadier General Kilgor have a hobby of taking morning strolls?" Macht asked curiously as he pinched the two ends of his cheekbones.

Framis Cage shook his head without hesitation.

"No."

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1032: Forceful Purifier

Editor: Atlas Studios

Restraining his thoughts, and looking at the angel of Concealment across him, Klein deliberated over his words.

"Is there a possibility that the ruins you saw were actually 'imagined'?"

He didn't directly mention Adam or the Twilight Hermit Order, afraid that discussing such matters in Arianna's Concealment zone would still be heard by Adam who wielded the Spectator pathway's Uniqueness and recently obtained 0-08.

As he was inside Arianna's world of Concealment, Klein believed that thinking of Adam and the Twilight Hermit Order wasn't likely to pose any problems, but it wasn't necessarily the case when saying it out loud. After all, Mr. Door could freely discuss Adam with Emperor Roselle back then, not only because of the Beyonder powers of a Secrets Sorcerer's Secret Keeping, but more so because "He" was also a King of Angels, a level not lower than Adam and Amon, perhaps even higher.

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1033: Let There Be Light

Editor: Atlas Studios

Scrutinizing the bronze cross in hand, Klein was certain that it was at least a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.

Apart from its purifying effects, this mystical item also possessed Flaring Sun and other demigod-level spells of the Sun domain. As for its negative effects, they weren't a problem to resolve if one used it properly. For example, helping people who stumbled into the Beyonder world and hoped to escape this madness to become normal humans again. It could also be used for people who consumed additional potions to secrete the Beyonder characteristic—though this required precise timing; otherwise, it easily caused one's Sequence to drop.

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1034: Gains

Editor: Atlas Studios

The boundless gray fog boiled as the ancient and majestic palace burned.

The blazing flames condensed into a fiery blob, as though a blinding sun had risen out from this mysterious space.

A howling hurricane flipped the long mottled table, snapping the thick stone columns and causing half the palace to collapse.

Sitting at The Fool's seat, Klein's brain was boiling before holes exploded out of it. Charred maggots then began crawling out of the cracks.

He didn't die, and he had even very calmly reached out his right palm and tapped the armrest of the chair.

Above the gray fog, this mysterious space quaked in an obvious manner. Waves of power surged out one after another, calming the hurricane and extinguishing the flames. The blazing sun evaporated, inch by inch.

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1035: Diary Page in Advance

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom apartment.

Fors picked up a fountain pen and wrote on a piece of paper.

This was a letter for her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham. It was to tell him that she was in danger and had no choice but to leave where she used to stay. Replies were not to be sent there, and if he had sent a letter, he was to quickly change his address and change identities if possible.

After writing plenty of words, Fors put down her pen, folded the letter, stuffed it into an envelope, and adhered a stamp on it.

Then, she changed into outdoor attire and left the room with the letter she wanted to send.

She wasn't inclined towards heading out, but this new residence of hers not only didn't have alcoholic beverages, but it didn't even have coffee beans, instant coffee, black tea leaves, daily newspapers, the latest magazines, or novels.

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1036: "Expected" Development

Editor: Atlas Studios

"According to Mr. Door, the main difference between the second Blasphemy Slate and the first Blasphemy Slate isn't that the latter has many unique Sequence names, but that the former had many additions. It was a secret the Ancient Sun God caught a glimpse of towards 'His' later years. Alright, as a true god, there's no such thing as later years. I'm just using the human concept of the period from 'His' birth to fall, so that would be considered 'His' later years.

"In other words, the second Blasphemy Slate's creator was the Ancient Sun God?"

"Towards this question, Mr. Door answered with almost certainty. 'He' told me that the Ancient Sun God's fall resulted in the birth of the Blasphemy Slate.

"Does that mean that it's considered a key relic of the Ancient Sun God?

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1037: Gehrman's Problem

Editor: Atlas Studios

After hearing Miss Justice, Derrick very enthusiastically replied, "Our City of Silver's warehouse likely has the complete brain of an adult mind dragon. I'll inform you after confirming it when I return."

He originally wanted to say that even if there was the complete brain of an adult mind dragon, it was most likely filled with madness and distorted mental corruption, but after seeing the bronze cross, he felt that it wasn't a problem.

That simple? Audrey's eyes lit up when she heard that. Her depressed mood from last night had brightened up significantly.

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1038: Name List

Editor: Atlas Studios

After answering, Leonard snapped to his senses and grasped the hidden message contained in Klein's request.

Does he mean that Old Man has once seen something like the Blasphemy Slate?

Without giving Leonard the chance to think, The World Gehrman Sparrow surveyed the area and mentioned something else:

"The Church of Evernight has confirmed that Loen King George III hides a particular secret from the intel they received from MI9's deputy director, Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor… He secretly sent people to dig up the Blood Emperor's ruins and colluded with the Demoness Sect and Psychology Alchemists…"

Klein controlled the fake person and described the matter which he had previously told Miss Justice in greater detail. After he was done, he made special mention:

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1039: Hope

Editor: Atlas Studios

A bolt of lightning streaked across the deep, dark sky, illuminating the entirety of the City of Silver. However, it didn't last too long, and it soon disappeared into the darkness, returning the world to its pitch-black state.

After Derrick Berg opened his eyes, he immediately got off the bed and dashed for the door.

He slowed down his pace as he walked, his expression clearly conflicted.

How should I mention the Creator's relic to the Chief? Directly tell the Chief that an item has caught my eye? No, no. Although, according to Mr. Hanged Man, the Chief has a tacit understanding towards such matters, I can't be too direct… Derrick was always a thin-skinned youth. Even when his parents were alive, he seldom made requests for items.

He paused in place, seriously trying to recall the discussions with Miss Justice, Mr. Hanged Man, and the rest of the Tarot Club members, hoping to imitate them and find a reasonable excuse.

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1040: The Tranquil Surface of the Sea

Editor: Atlas Studios

Not bad, a Spectator's ability to adjust their own emotions are rather impressive… Klein commented inwardly as he looked at the golden retriever on the back seat of the bicycle. He then sized up the bicycle that looked different from the bicycles on the street. He casually asked, "Is this a new bike designed specially for women?"

"What do you mean specially designed for women? If you wish to ride it, you can too," Audrey replied with a smile. "I only told the people at the Bike Company that they needed to consider the requirements of the different demographics. This is their latest product they designed. It has yet to be industrialized. I was given a prototype to give them some feedback."

"An excellent idea," Klein praised with a smile before asking thoughtfully, "Do you know the owner of the Backlund Bike Company?"

Audrey's eyes narrowed a little as she answered, "Of course, I'm one of the major shareholders of the Backlund Bike Company."

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1041: King’s Daughter

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sharron who doesn't like nicknames? How did she know? She's interacted with Miss Sharron before? Upon hearing Reinette Tinekerr's answer, Klein was first taken aback before questions emerged one after another in his mind.

From his point of view, a messenger and a mailer wouldn't communicate under normal circumstances. The entire process would be the messenger's appearance, the retrieval of the letter, and its departure.

Besides, when did Miss Messenger need to obtain the permission of the other party when she gives nicknames? Did Frank Lee and Patrick Bryan agree to it?

A few seconds later, Klein instinctively had a guess—Miss Messenger and Miss Sharron definitely had some kind of connection, and Reinette Tinekerr didn't wish to hide anything.

Reining in his thoughts, Klein opened the envelope, unfolded the letter, and quickly scanned the contents.

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1042: Plan From a Different Angle

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a few seconds, Sharron calmly replied to Klein, "It's not bait, but a ploy to lure them out."

Just as Klein was about to ask what the difference was, Maric explained in detail, "Back when we were pursued by the Rose School of Thought, we discovered that they had quite a number of members in Backlund. However, due to our lack of strength and our fear of traps, as well as to not attract the attention of the Church, we didn't take any action against them.

"This time, we plan on attacking one of the more important ones. We'll deliberately miss some out, allowing the hidden ones to secretly escape and pass the information to the Rose School of Thought's person-in-charge in Backlund.

"In secret, the Sanguine's demigod will be watching them. Through the message chain, they will find the person in charge. That person must be a key member of the Rose School of Thought.

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1043: Each Having Their Own Plans

Editor: Atlas Studios

Emlyn blinked as he leaned back in his chair. He spoke unhurriedly and with a hint of a smile, he answered Miss Justice's question, "What I need to do is very simple. My role is to ensure that both parties can complete the collaboration successfully."

That means you don't need to participate in the battle, right? Audrey had originally wanted to press with such questions, but after sizing up The Moon, she reflected on the words said and said with a faint smile, "Since that's the case, there's only one thing you need to do to ensure your own safety."

Makes sense. I can't affect myself because of this matter. Anyway, there's nothing that needs my assistance… I'm not in charge of the risky parts of the operation. I'll later rent Leymano's Travels and spend money to get The World to record a few pages of Teleport. My safety will basically be guaranteed… Emlyn thought for a few seconds and said with a nod, "Excellent suggestion."

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1044: Placing Herself in the Tides

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, St. George Borough, in a factory room filled with junk.

Light flashed in a mirror filled with obvious cracks. Its surface turned dark and deep, as though it was connected to another world.

Suddenly, a white hand reached out from under the mirror, as though it had penetrated through layers of aqueous waves.

A figure walked out from the shadows—she was none other than the sweet and beautiful Demoness Trissy in a long black dress.

There was a rare paleness to her face, as though her face had lost all its ruddiness. Her forehead was covered in dense beads of sweat.

With a smacking sound, the suitcase in Trissy's hand fell to the ground. She could hardly suppress the horror in her eyes.

She then muttered to herself blankly, "His messenger is actually an angel…"

At that moment, Trissy felt a chill run down her spine, as though a cold wind had blown at her.

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1045: Dreamwalker

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the endless gray fog, in the magnificent and ancient palace.

With one hand holding the Unshadowed Crucifix, and the other holding the Sea God Scepter, he was observing the real world through the crimson star that represented Judgment.

In his spiritual vision, apart from the short Miss Xio and the golden-masked MI9 officer, there was another person hidden in the dark alley.

This was a man in his thirties. He didn't have any special features, and he looked like the typical Loenese man from the mid-north area. Not only did he blend into the shadows, but he also had the characteristic of automatically making people dismiss his existence. If he weren't above the gray fog and had true vision, Klein suspected that even he wouldn't be able to discover the person if he were there in person. He would only be able to outline the person with his spiritual intuition when the person took any abnormal actions.

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1046: A "Test"

Editor: Atlas Studios

That gentle voice seemed to resonate with the thoughts deep in Audrey's heart. She only felt a little resistant to it before feeling as though it came from her heart, and that it was her truest thoughts.

Hvin Rambis looked at her emerald-green eyes and said unhurriedly, "Secondly, in the upcoming banquets and balls, don't be as opposed as before to the few princes who take the initiative to show their fondness. Also, praise them a few times in front of Earl Hall and his wife.

"Remember all of the above, this is the reflection of your subconscious. Then, forget that I once said these things to you. Forget that this behavior is different from your usual behavior. Don't try to seek blessings, and stay away from key spots in the Church of Evernight's Mass…"

With that said, Hvin Rambis retracted his gaze from Audrey's eyes. He turned to cue Annie and the rest, preventing them from being surprised by their mistress's subsequent odd behavior.

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1047: Brainstorm

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Good morning, where's Mr. Dantès?" Audrey smiled politely as she asked the young male valet that was of Loen and East Balam descent.

Enuni bowed and said, "He went to the washroom and will be back soon. Honorable lady, do you wish to wait here?"

"Alright." Audrey found a single-seater and sat down with all sorts of thoughts running through her mind.

Frankly speaking, if she only had to deal with Hvin Rambis, she had already come up with a concrete plan. It was to hypnotize herself in advance. When Hvin Rambis came to gather feedback, she would activate the The World Gehrman Sparrow's charm without any ill intent. Then, she would work with the crazy adventurer to hunt the demigod.

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1048: Real and Fake "Spy"

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the ancient palace above the gray fog, with The World Gehrman Sparrow's words coming to an end, no one spoke for a moment. The entire place was silent.

The Psychology Alchemists are cooperating with the king's faction and are investigating Xio and I. The founding of the Psychology Alchemists originated from the discovery of a Hermes ruins, and Hermes is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order. Its leader happens to be Angel of Imagination Adam… And Xio and I had mentioned Adam in the real world… This… We're in the sights of a King of Angels? Th-th-this… In the world of mysticism, just a slight mistake can result in such dangerous circumstances? Fors's mind was filled with Gehrman Sparrow's warnings as she was gripped by horror and panic.

Although she had experienced many things in the past, she had never had such a clear realization of the thorny path Beyonders tread. Any mistakes could lead to a terrible consequence.

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1049: Spectator's Intuition

Editor: Atlas Studios

How did this happen… Even if Xio and Fors didn't meet with any delays en route and maintain a relatively fast speed, it would take at least fifteen minutes to arrive at the nearest Evernight cathedral… Luckily, I was cautious enough and had prayed to Mr. Fool for an angelic blessing ahead of time. I also actually hypnotized Xio and Fors… An upheaval of thoughts instantly ran through her mind before she rapidly suppressed them.

At first, she looked confused, and then her face wore a look of realization. It was as if she had finally woken up from her long dream and remembered the things that had been neglected.

"Mr. Rambis, why are you here…" Audrey made her voice sound ethereal, as though she was still in a dreamy stupor.

As she spoke, she made use of the control of her emotions as a Psychiatrist to make an unavoidable hint of anxiety flash through her mind, doing so without causing any abnormalities.

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1050: Good At Using Hypnosis

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the ancient Hermes words resounded, the areas where Audrey and Hvin Rambis stood dimmed.

It was as if someone had passed by, blocking the window that was closest to them, then quickly left.

By the time the light returned, the island filled with a terrifying mind storm in the illusory world had transformed from Audrey's to Hvin Rambis's. The person that had intruded on the other party's Body of Heart and Mind went from Hvin Rambis to Audrey.

Fate Siphon charm!

This was made using a Worm of Time as the material. Using The Fool's powers, this charm was created. It could siphon off a corresponding target's subsequent fate for a short period of time, exchanging the corresponding fate with the user!

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1051: Different Styles of Different Pathways

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing this scene, Hvin Rambis immediately extricated himself from that state of calm, clearly aware that he had fallen into a trap. He also further realized that he was already under some sort of influence.

Without any hesitation, he arched his back and his body swelled.

His pupils turned vertical, turning from pale blue to golden. His face, the back of his hand, and every inch of his exposed skin grew grayish-white scales.

Amidst the screeching sound, the white shirt, black vest, formal coat, and straight trousers that he wore tore apart, revealing the dragon scales beneath.

In the blink of an eye, Hvin Rambis had transformed into an abnormally massive monster. Aside from his head that remained in the form of a human, the rest of his body had changed completely. It was like a dragon that had yet to fully evolve.

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1052: 3v1

Editor: Atlas Studios

Boom!

Lightning bolts descended from the sky, covering the entire area illuminated by the huge crimson moon with a silver "forest."

Lightning flashed and destructive auras swept over, not leaving any spot unscathed.

The giant grayish-white dragon, which still had a human head, appeared again. There were tiny bolts of electric bolts scurrying over its scaled body. There were also some obvious cracks.

Hvin Rambis's Psychological Invisibility couldn't be maintained under such a wide area-of-effect bombardment. After all, his interactions with his surroundings couldn't be avoided. All he could do was eliminate his sense of presence and stay in the blind spot of one's attention. Once the level of interaction grew excessive, he didn't have the means to avoid exposure.

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1053: President

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the dimly-lit world, the gigantic crimson moon hung silently over the house while everything in the garden seemed to be asleep.

The despair in the incomplete grayish-white dragon's eyes dissipated as it retracted its skin-covered wings, behaving like a docile hunting dog reared at home.

The Psychology Alchemists councilor, demigod of the Spectator pathway, Hvin Rambis, had lost his life and became Klein's marionette!

Without bothering to enjoy this achievement, he switched places with Enuni, who was beside the grayish-white dragon, appearing as Gehrman Sparrow in his black trench coat and silk top hat.

Then, he controlled his new marionette to treat the infection he received from Mental Plague.

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1054: Tailored-Made Ritual

Editor: Atlas Studios

After thanking "Her," Klein immediately gave up his control over Hvin Rambis, making it impossible for him to maintain his marionette-like state.

With that, this Spectator pathway demigod collapsed to the ground and became a corpse.

Arianna lowered her head and took a look, the darkness in her eyes growing deeper.

Hvin Rambis's corpse immediately got erased like a pencil drawing as if it was being wiped away by an eraser, inch by inch, leaving behind only the ice-blue metal cylinder.

Right on the heels of that, beams of light seeped out of the void and quickly gathered together, forming a strange object.

It was fist-sized and looked like a heart. However, it resembled a different kind of brain with its surface being covered in grayish-white wrinkles, each crevice with countless symbols and strange patterns that extended into the surroundings. These connected to a world that Beyonders of other pathways couldn't see.

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1055: Train of Thought

Editor: Atlas Studios

Completely digested? That's understandable. This is the act of hypnotizing a demigod. Although it's thanks to the Fate Siphon charm, it only helped to open the door of the Body of Heart and Mind. The subsequent consciousness manipulation and the cue planting needs to be done personally. If she weren't careful, she would trigger an intense rejection and would lead to failure… "Acting" done to the extreme would definitely accelerate the digestion process… Klein nodded gently and said in praise, "This is a good thing. It's even more so for the current situation."

Audrey understood what Mr. World meant. In this storm that was sweeping around thanks to the Angel of imagination Adam and King George III, even if she stood by the sidelines, she could sense her weakness and how powerless she was. She couldn't wait to improve herself.

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1056: The Real "Devil"

Editor: Atlas Studios

After getting a grasp of the situation, Klein looked at the full-body mirror in the room and asked, "What's the king's secret?"

The surface of the mirror that seemed to lead to another world had aqueous light ripple before revealing a scene:

It was a ruin that was hidden deep in the darkness, covered in the dust of history. However, it was completely intact.

Does that mean that the king's secret is in the Blood Emperor's ruins… Arrodes doesn't dare to answer directly, or is this as much as it can see? After some deliberation, he said to the magic mirror, "It's your turn to ask."

The image in the full-body mirror didn't change at all. It only revealed silver words:

"Great Master, do you have any other questions?"

"Yes." Without standing on ceremony, Klein nodded and asked, "Where is Saintess of White, Katarina, presently?"

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1057: The Extraordinary and the Ordinary

Editor: Atlas Studios

After dealing with the mutated glass bottle, Klein took out his golden pocket watch, opened it, took a look, and took note of the time.

He had to return three hours later and separate the Unshadowed Crucifix from the Bottle of Slavery. Only then could he obtain a single Manipulator's Beyonder characteristic, and not a product that was mixed with the previous Sequences' Beyonder characteristics.

It feels like I'm doing an experiment… Klein nodded slightly, put away his pocket watch, and returned to the real world where he had his actual afternoon nap.

At four in the afternoon, his valet, Enuni, knocked on his employer's door under Butler Walter's watch.

"What's the matter?" In his pajamas, Dwayne Dantès rubbed his forehead and opened the bedroom door.

Enuni bowed and said, "Sir, you accepted Madam Riana's invitation for high tea the night before. It's today."

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1058: A Tool

Editor: Atlas Studios

Tonight at 10… Looking at Miss Messenger, who stayed in place, Klein walked to the desk and wrote:

"I'll be on time.

"In addition, the situation in Backlund has become tense recently. Make sure to keep the matter under control."

After reminding Sharron, Klein folded the letter and took out a gold coin and a rectangular "diamond" that kept refracting light.

"This is a Yesterday Once More charm. It can allow you to temporarily borrow powers from your past self." Klein handed the three items to Reinette Tinekerr.

One of the blonde, red-eyed heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hands opened its mouth and bit down on everything. The remaining three said, "Why…" "Give…" "Me…"

"Count it as part of the remuneration I'll be paying in advance," Klein said with an ordinary smile.

Arrodes's reminder made him feel that it was imperative to make more preparations.

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1059: The Authority of the Moon

Editor: Atlas Studios

The red brandy-nosed man rushed to a safe within a few steps where he then took out a radio transceiver and a codebook from a secret compartment.

He crouched there and transcoded the incident that happened to Charlie Raker. Then, he started to send the telegram.

Meanwhile, in the house above the Raker bookstore, a brown-skinned maid rolled up her sleeves and poured an indigo-blue liquid on her left arm.

Her skin around the spot immediately changed colors, but under the indigo-blue colors, there were wisps of black light extending out like threadworms.

These black beams of light quickly manifested a strange, palm-sized face. Its eyes were as tiny as rice grains, and its mouth was as wide as a tea plate.

"Charlie Raker has had an accident," the maid enunciated each word while looking at the face on her arm.

Every word she said seemed to have its own shape, forming an indigo-blue bodied entity like her mouth and arm.

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1060: Covered-up Secret

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Sanguine Earl, Mistral, frowned slightly. Although he was unwilling to admit it, he said rather honestly, "I don't think there were any leaks prior to this."

Because if that was the case, the Rose School of Thought's demigods would've had plenty of time to use the response from the Mother Tree of Desire and Abomination Suah, laying a more dangerous and terrifying trap. It wouldn't be something an angel could easily resolve.

This was also the reason why Mistral had said that the trap appeared to be a last-minute setup and looked rather hasty.

This proved that there was no mole. After all, the ones who knew of the operation before tonight were the ones involved. If they wanted to leak the information, they could've done it earlier. This was unless someone changed their minds or wanted to use the urgency of time to obtain more benefits. And all of these would only leave clear traces.

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1061: Whose Dream

Editor: Atlas Studios

Friday. In the dead of the night, in Audrey's bedroom.

After receiving a signal, the golden retriever, Susie, opened the door and left by herself, slumping down outside to prevent anyone from disturbing Audrey.

Audrey took the Dreamwalker's Beyonder characteristic, the corresponding supplementary ingredients, and the apparatus used for concocting the potion out from a hidden spot. Most of the supplementary ingredients came from the City of Silver, and they were things that she hadn't paid for since Little Sun hadn't thought of something he needed.

She concocted the potion skillfully and looked at the liquid that was dotted with darkened points of grayish-white light. She took a step back, clasped her hands, and placed them in front of her mouth as she chanted softly, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

Just as her prayer ended, countless figures in an indescribable form appeared in front of her.

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1062: "Teaching" Online

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein glanced at Leonard and smiled.

"The targets aren't demigods. They've only 'lived' to this day due to some sort of influence. This is also the secret I wish to discover through dreams."

He deliberately emphasized the word "lived."

Without waiting for Leonard to respond, Klein continued, "The aristocrat from the Fourth Epoch is a member of the Zoroast family. You might be able to use his dream to learn more about Pallez Zoroast."

Old Man's descendant… Leonard's heart stirred as he looked forward to the proposal that Klein raised.

Although he had gotten along rather well with Pallez Zoroast and gradually built some trust in this angel, he still held the most basic level of vigilance against him. After all, "He" was an outsider who lived in his body.

At that moment, Klein added, "For now, don't mention this matter to Pallez Zoroast."

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1063: The Lord's Left-Hand

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a rather remote spot in Pessote City, there was a building made of stone. It looked rough and was a cathedral that needed some construction work.

The most eye-catching and intricate part was the altar. Erected over it was a wooden cross and a tall figure carrying the cross.

Ascetic Snowman was sitting in the first pew, facing the divine statue, his head bowed and his eyes closed in focused supplication.

He was a middle-aged man who wasn't considered old but had some wrinkles. He was wearing a simple white robe that had been washed countless times. He had brown short hair, and on his exposed arms, shoulders, calves, and feet, there were all kinds of old scars and scabs.

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1064: Drawing Closer

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cultists who believe in the Evernight… Upon hearing Snowman's words, the three present were more or less thrown into an awkward situation.

Klein, Audrey, and Leonard all had a certain relationship with the Evernight Goddess. One was a standard cultist who believed in the Evernight. The other wasn't only a cultist, but a quasi-high-ranking member of the cult, an elite team leader. The other was even worse—a Blessed of the evil goddess.

"Ahem… From the looks of it, the Church of Evernight appeared earlier than what the historical records stated. They can be traced back to a long time before the Cataclysm; however, it existed in the form of a secret organization." Klein cleared his throat and did a simple analysis, breaking the sudden silent mood.

Audrey pursed her lips and nodded. She continued guiding Snowman's dreams, letting him reveal the information related to the King of Angels in his subconscious.

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1065: Cosmos Wanderer

Editor: Atlas Studios

Mobet glanced at Leonard and said in puzzlement, "They aren't that cold and evil…"

He raised his glass and took a gulp.

"Don't you know that the higher the Sequence, the greater the inclination is towards being cold and crazy? Which major aristocratic family in the Solomon Empire doesn't have an angel? That's why they're definitely different from normal people.

"As for the degree of coldness and evilness, it has to do with the choice of their 'anchor' and the traits of their Beyonder pathway. I don't know what my great-grandfather's situation is. I only know that he's very kind and amiable, and the way he speaks and acts is rather casual.

"In addition, the rules set by His Majesty have a key point—disharmony. If all the aristocratic families have the same style, 'He definitely wouldn't be satisfied."

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1066: Familiar Name

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Miss Justice's suggestion, Klein thought for a moment and said, "Guide the dream towards matters encompassing the Second Epoch's history, the Queen of Calamity Cohinem, elf habits, and the most ancient language of the elves, as well as the legendary Western Continent."

"…Alright." Audrey's eyes moved slightly, revealing a thoughtful expression as she digested the information that Mr. World had said.

Then, she walked to the Elven Songster's side.

Under her guidance, Mobet's figure in the garden rapidly blurred as he vanished from Siatas's dream.

The ripples in Audrey's green eyes stirred once again as her lips quivered, as though she was reciting something.

The entire dream world began to shake as the garden was like a reflection of a lake that was smashed into pieces by an invisible stone that flew over from nowhere.

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1067: The Elven Version of History

Editor: Atlas Studios

This… The Second Epoch's subsidiary gods truly are hidden powers. There was Dragon of Wisdom, Herabergen, and there's God of the Dead, Salinger. They were all powerful figures that even reached the throne of Sequence 0. Of course, I can't be sure about the Dragon of Wisdom. It's just quite possible…

Yes, and there's the God of Dawn, Badheil, and the Goddess of Harvest, Omebella. I can't rule out the possibility that "They" have lived quite well all the way to the Fifth Epoch… I wonder if the God of Spiritual Creatures Tolzna and the Goddess of Misfortune Amanises managed to evade the authority retrieval operation by the City of Silver Creator at the end of the Second Epoch. If "They" managed to escape that fate, what roles did "They" play in the Third and Fourth Epoch? After a moment of shock, Klein began thinking poignantly.

Thinking back to the betrayal of the Kings of Angels in the Third Epoch, he couldn't help but lampoon:

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1068: Illogical Details

Editor: Atlas Studios

"W-which one is Groselle?" In the dream, Leonard looked ahead blankly.

There was a huge bonfire there, and there were more than ten grayish-blue-skinned, single-eyed giants who looked no different from each other.

To be honest, I wouldn't be able to recognize him without the ability of a Faceless… To me, without their age, hairstyle, height, scars, clothes, and maturity, giants all look the same… Klein mumbled inwardly as he looked calmly at Miss Justice, as though saying that it shouldn't stump a Spectator.

Audrey raised her hand and pointed at a giant who was gulping down alcohol. From time to time, he would shout twice to express his approval.

"That's Groselle.

"It looks like, in the traditions of the giants, clapping isn't a sign of affirmation and praise. Instead, it's a roar. The louder the roar, the higher the level of praise."

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1069: "Under the Sea"

Editor: Atlas Studios

The leg-gnawing giant, whose vertical eye was filled with blood-red threads, wasn't actually real. He was, in essence, a strong emotion produced by a particular living creature.

The emotions that originated from having a deep impression had entered the subconscious. It spread from one's island of consciousness to the surrounding illusory "sea," before slowly settling and forming a mark. It wasn't possible for all of its emotions and consciousness to ultimately settle down as the foundation. Most of them would be washed away with time by the "seawater." Only extremely intense and repeated experiences would remain.

And once it formed a mark, it would be a drop of water in the sea of collective subconscious which would then affect living creatures of the same species in its surroundings. It would be a shared, ancient "memory" carved into one's pulse.

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1070: Maybe It's Real

Editor: Atlas Studios

Liveseyd was a floating city that the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt "imagined" out of thin air. No matter what, it was a miracle, a divine miracle.

It was even more magnificent than the Giant King's Court—more rugged and unique. Every stone pillar was nearly 100 meters tall, like a throne for the dragon to rest on. It was a city that left a deep, unforgettable impression just from hearing about it.

Therefore, although Audrey had never actually seen the City of Miracles, she instantly made connections from witnessing the scene. Of course, one of the main reasons for knowing that was because she knew that Groselle's Travels came from the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt.

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1071: Hall of Truth

Editor: Atlas Studios

In front of the grayish-white grand palace that was more than 200 meters tall, there were a few thick stone columns that were slightly shorter than it was, as though they were a squadron of soldiers standing at attention there.

Klein could imagine that, when the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, was still floating in mid-air, these stone columns would definitely have powerful dragons crouching on them.

These were the servants of the ancient god.

He then looked up at the open door and said to Leonard and Audrey, "Stay close to me. Once an accident happens, I'll immediately take you out of the book world and return directly above the gray fog."

This was the main reason why Klein dared to explore the area.

"Okay." Audrey and Leonard didn't try putting on a brave front as they walked to Klein's side and walked alongside him.

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1072: The Call From Behind the Door

Editor: Atlas Studios

"The contents on this mural will become reality in the physical world…"

Be it Klein or Leonard, they couldn't help but repeat Miss Justice's words in their hearts.

If the murals on the other side determined the history of the book world, then it was only considered rather amazing. However, the discovery on this side would be enough to shake everyone's hearts and bring about a huge upheaval throughout their bodies.

The pictures you depicted would definitely show up on stage in the real world, not in an illusory world. This was the performance of a deity!

"It's not that exaggerated, right…" After Leonard repeated the statement, he whispered in a low voice, finding it hard to accept.

Klein, on the other hand, started his analysis out of habit.

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1073: Three Possibilities

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he returned to the world above the gray fog, Klein felt the coldness in his body rapidly dissipate. There were no more Worms of Spirit trying to give birth to new consciousnesses.

A moment later, the mottled long bronze table appeared in front of him. He saw that Miss Justice and Leonard's Spirit Bodies were gradually becoming clearer amidst the thin gray fog, although they still maintained a certain blurriness to them.

After the gray fog swirled around them and sank into the "ground," Klein asked, "How are you feeling now?"

He used Gehrman Sparrow's usual tone, but he immediately recalled how his inner grumblings, inner thoughts, habitual analysis, and him dissing Leonard had been exposed. He was no longer able to maintain his image in front of Miss Justice.

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1074: The Answer to Questions

Editor: Atlas Studios

After Audrey and Leonard left the gray fog, Klein didn't immediately return to the real world.

He was still sitting on the high-back chair that belonged to The World, silent for more than ten seconds.

Then, he beckoned for an item.

It was a "heart" that was the size of a child's fist, one that full of grayish-white wrinkles:

A Manipulator's Beyonder characteristic!

Holding the Beyonder characteristic, Klein stood up and walked out of the majestic palace. He entered the depths of the mysterious space above the gray fog and arrived at the staircase of light that seemed to lead to a divine kingdom.

Walking along the stairs, he walked up to the floating grayish-white clouds and stood in front of the strange door of light and the hanging transparent cocoons. Klein raised his right hand, lifting the brain-like, heart-like Manipulator Beyonder characteristic to his chest and extended his spirituality, hoping to use it.

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1075: No Response

Editor: Atlas Studios

"I came from underground…"

Looking at the ghastly-white words that appeared on the full-body mirror, a chill suddenly ran down Klein's back. His pupils dilated as he instinctively wanted to switch places with his marionette next door.

In the room where the valet was, Enuni, who was lying quietly, had opened his eyes.

His stomach began to expand and contract as though he had a second heart, one that beat extremely slowly.

At the same time, the scene of the magic mirror, Arrodes, answering where it came from flashed through Klein's mind:

Large amounts of black sticky liquid spewed out from an underground hole, writhing and expanding, an uneven number of hands and legs that turned into numerous monsters grew out. During this process, a speck of light was shot out along with the black liquid before landing on a rock, to which it rapidly fused together, turning into a mirror with ancient patterns and black gems adorning its two sides—Arrodes's main form.

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1076: Dorian's Request

Editor: Atlas Studios

Outside Room 2016 at the Hat Trick Inn on Cherwood Borough's 22 Hope Street.

Fors directly walked through the wall without drawing anyone's attention. Then, she knocked on the door in a rhythm that was previously agreed upon.

Not long after, Dorian Gray Abraham, who was dressed in black, with his broad shoulders and thick arms, unlocked the door and turned the doorknob.

The gentleman quickly sized up the area and made way for Fors to enter the room.

"I really didn't expect you to become a Scribe so soon…" After closing the door, Dorian carefully examined the door's lock before turning around and sighing.

Based on the standards of this era, he was considered a middle-aged man, but he was still a Sequence 7 Astrologer. He had no hope of advancing.

Yet, his student, Fors Wall, took about a year to go from Sequence 9 to Sequence 6.

This comparison between the two made Dorian feel poignant and sad.

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1077: Four Choices

Editor: Atlas Studios

What kind of Saint-level Sealed Artifact do I want to choose? Derrick Berg subconsciously considered what he needed.

Due to the fact that the Sun pathway was rather powerful against the monsters in the darkness, and with Thunder God's Roar, he didn't have the desire for Sealed Artifacts that provided offensive or supportive effects. Instead, the pain from being beaten up while making friends made him subconsciously hope to obtain a mystical item that could provide stronger defensive capabilities.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Derrick suddenly realized that the question wasn't directed at the Saint-level Sealed Artifact he wanted, but which Saint-level Sealed Artifact could be used to exchange for the Creator's cross from Mr. Fool.

He hesitated and frankly asked, "Your Excellency, do you have any suggestions?"

Colin glanced at him and left his original position. He slowly walked to the window and turned around.

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1078: The Hidden Secret

Editor: Atlas Studios

Saint of Secrets Botis… Fors had experienced many things recently, to the point of being watched by a King of Angels, so she didn't show any signs of abnormality. She retracted her gaze in a natural manner and didn't slow down her pace as she walked towards the man in the black trench coat.

After a few steps, they brushed past each other.

…Did he happen to pass by here because of the attraction between Beyonder characteristics? If he knew that Teacher was here, he wouldn't be so slow and would use Teleport to chase after him… Luckily, Teacher has already boarded the carriage and left the inn… Fors's heart calmed down, her tense mind relaxing a little.

She took a few more steps forward and looked up at the sky. She wanted to confirm if it would rain later.

At this moment, a raven flew over and landed on a tree along the way. It faced the spot where Fors had just passed by.

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1079: The Hardworking Gardeners

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, Klein, who was sitting at The Fool's seat, beckoned for the Unshadowed Crucifix.

The bronze cross was tied together with an ordinary-looking button, and the surface of the latter was already covered with a layer of crystalline but heavy-feeling particles.

This was The Hermit Cattleya's Judge button. It was reserved for Judgment Xio at a price of 3,500 pounds. Therefore, Admiral of Stars had sacrificed it to Mr. Fool in advance, requesting the mighty existence to get an angel under him to shatter it.

And on Monday's Tarot Gathering, Xio had made a reservation for the Judge potion formula at a price of 2,000 pounds.

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1080: The Line of Thinking for Acting

Editor: Atlas Studios

After watching Butler Walter leave the second floor, Klein entered the dining hall. As he looked around, he realized that the servants were much more energetic than usual. They even felt a little agitated.

Indeed, Life's Cane also affects humans, but it's not that ridiculous. It's at a rather normal level and still within acceptable levels… According to this logic, the servants' reproduction abilities would definitely increase. The only problem is that they don't have spouses, so there's no way to show that…

Eh… Will Mr. Butler's act of returning home today result in him having another child in nine to ten months… His wife is almost 40 years old. It's a little dangerous for her to have children at this age. Of course, as the other party in the copulation process, the effects of Life's Cane would pass over to them. There shouldn't be any problems…

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1081: The Returnee

Editor: Atlas Studios

With Patrick Bryan's chanting, the bones around the black casket were gradually stained with a dark green layer. They blended with the white, bringing out an extremely scary sensation.

As the Spirit Dance became more and more intense, as though the voices from the Underworld were constantly reverberating, the bones floated up one by one, as though they possessed lives of their own.

Then, they were cast towards the heavy and pitch-black casket in what could be described as orderly chaos. They passed through the lid and entered as though they were incorporeal.

The casket immediately transformed into a deep whirlpool that seemed like it couldn't be filled. It expanded on the spot, emitting a cold aura that was high and mighty. This made Patrick Bryan instinctively tremble and lower his head.

This was an angel, the aura of a Death Consul!

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1082: Sudden Turn of Events

Editor: Atlas Studios

160 Böklund Street, inside Dwayne Dantès's mansion.

After "Teleporting" back, Klein didn't delay at all. He immediately set up an altar and held a ritual to pray to Death.

"You are the essence of death;

"You are the lord of the dead;

"You are the final home to all living beings.

"I pray for your help. I pray that you will know how to resolve the problem of the Red Angel evil spirit. 'He' has possessed the body of a Gatekeeper and is cooperating with the Numinous Episcopate's High Priest, Haiter. He has come to Backlund and been made an assistant to Patrick Bryan…"

With regard to this matter, there was really no choice but to seek help from the Evernight Goddess.

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1083: Backlund in Chaos

Editor: Atlas Studios

Although the Sonia Sea wasn't like the Fog Sea, with it often being filled with fog, the northern regions would occasionally fill up with a rather thick fog every autumn and winter morning.

Alger Wilson's Blue Avenger was sailing in such an environment, following the borders of the Sonia Island back to the Loen coast.

He had already spent too long in the North Sonia Sea, so he needed to return for a routine report.

Within the pale white fog, the ghost ship quietly proceeded forward, occasionally appearing like a dream that didn't leave any traces.

Alger was wrapped by the wind as he stood in midair in front of the window, admiring the white world outside. He allowed his thoughts to wander in different directions.

Suddenly, his eyes focused as some silvery-white light flashed in his pupils. He saw a large sail through the fog in the distance, and a massive ship silently cruised past.

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1084: The People in War

Editor: Atlas Studios

Boom! Boom!

In the building at Cherwood Borough's 17 Minsk Street, the female owner of the building, Stelyn Sammer, and her maidservants heard a loud explosion from afar. She fearfully hid in a corner of the room, feeling as though the ground beneath her feet was trembling.

Only after the constant, terrifying commotion started to fade away did she straighten her body and look left and right with an unusually strained mind.

"What exactly happened?"

The two maidservants simultaneously shook their heads. They were both at a loss and also afraid.

As soon as she left the corner of the room, she instinctively wanted to walk out of the room and talk to her neighbors to figure out what had just happened. However, she was worried that another attack would happen again, so she had no choice but to pace around in the living room.

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1085: Scrutinizing the Situation

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Extra! Extra! The kingdom declares war on Feysac!"

On the way from Maygur Manor to Backlund, Klein heard the paperboy shouting on the streets with brisk steps while on a horse carriage.

Although he had already made preparations, he still sighed after confirming that the war had truly erupted. He couldn't help but feel depressed again.

The grudge from having Sonia Island, a key territory, taken away… The conflict over the rights of the colonies… The defeat from the previous war… The political corruption leading to a recession… Ever since the repeal of the Grain Act, many farmers of the kingdom have gone bankrupt due to the importing of foreign food products… The lower-class live in abject conditions… The rich-poor divide only grew deeper…

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1086: A Simple Inference

Editor: Atlas Studios

The moment he saw the Red Angel evil spirit, Klein's pupils dilated. The human-skinned glove on his left hand suddenly turned transparent.

He didn't listen to what the other party had to say. His instinctive reaction was to immediately "Teleport" away, but at this moment, the spirit world that entered his eyes was different from usual.

Countless transparent creatures in indescribable forms were all dyed in a color that was a mixture of iron and blood. The surrounding area was filled with thick smoke, and there were seven rays of light that contained infinite knowledge hidden above them. It was almost impossible to see them.

Klein's heart skipped a beat. He didn't rashly "Teleport."

Upon seeing this, the Red Angel evil spirit chuckled.

"What are you afraid of? Zaratul?"

Upon hearing this, Klein subconsciously looked around, but he didn't discover anything unusual.

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1087: The Deities' Attitudes

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Grain Act was abolished… The Civil Servant Unified Examination… A concession was made, bringing the Church's forces into the military… These seem to be in line with the trends of the times, but in essence, they're oppressive, weakening the nobles, and supporting a new class. Compared to the previous thousand-year rule, this can really be considered to be against the norm. It's the order needed to become Black Emperor…

In the past decade or so, the changes in architecture style have been very drastic as well…

For Roselle to be able to obtain the Uniqueness and obtain the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, that ancient secret organization must've put in quite a bit of effort. It might've even provided part of it directly. When this emperor perished, who took away those characteristics?

Also, Bernadette has been in Backlund for the past few months and has been coming here frequently…

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1088: Hiding in Secret

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the way to Saint Samuel Cathedral from Böklund Street, Klein passed by the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation at 22 Phelps Street. He was surprised to find that the door was still open.

As the initiator and current director, he placed quite a bit of concern over this matter. He temporarily slowed down and walked over.

Just as he entered the door, he saw Miss Audrey walking down from the second floor with her personal maidservant, a big golden retriever, and a few staff members beside her.

"Good afternoon. In this situation, there doesn't seem to be a need to insist on doing anything." Klein went forward and voiced out his doubts.

Audrey held the newspaper in her hand as she looked at Dwayne Dantès.

"Some of our beneficiaries were injured in the air raid. I just went to visit them and arranged for follow-up treatment."

The noble lady's eyes were slightly red, as though she had seen all sorts of heart-wrenching scenes in the hospital.

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1089: A Difficult Decision

Editor: Atlas Studios

After sitting for a while, Klein raised his hand to rub his temples. He then stood up, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

He then conjured Gehrman Sparrow. By praying to Mr. Fool, he sent messages to Danitz and The Hermit Cattleya.

The message for the former was to remind him to be careful of the Secret Order. Although he didn't believe that Zaratul would directly seek out Danitz, a person who had crossed paths with Gehrman Sparrow on the surface, there was nothing wrong with reminding him regardless. As a Bizarro Sorcerer, Klein had a certain level of understanding of the Beyonders of the Seer pathway. He believed that those who could truly advance to such a state were sufficiently cautious and careful. This didn't exclude certain oddities and exceptions, but it definitely didn't exclude Zaratul who was at Sequence 1.

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1090: Haunted Tales

Editor: Atlas Studios

Nighttime, Pritz Harbor, in a cemetery in the suburbs.

The people who died in the airship bombings had been brought here. The priests and bishops of the three Churches were busy comforting the souls of the dead to prevent any anomalies from happening.

In that short day, many wives lost their husbands, many children lost their mothers, and many families were down to a single person. Some of them loitered in the cemetery—some silent, others sobbing. Some even wept until they fainted.

Wearing an ordinary-looking face, Klein stood among them and watched everything without saying a word. It was as if he had recalled the funeral he had attended before.

While it was dark, he had just used Life's Cane to treat the injured in Backlund and Pritz Harbor's various hospitals—victims of the air raid. He had also left behind a strange and horrifying urban myth to help him further digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion.

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1091: Asking Himself

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, East Borough, in a cramped rental apartment.

Wearing a rather thick jacket, Klein stood behind a desk and looked at the glass window in front of him. He carefully sensed the speed at which the Bizarro Sorcerer potion was being digested.

It's really fast. It's even more than the first three months of my digestion combined… However, there's nothing I can do about it. Before I received Life's Cane, I couldn't provide sufficient treatment. I have to make sure that the heart of the target can withstand the fright they experience, so as a result, I wasn't able to go to the hospital to create an urban myth…

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1092: Ridiculous People

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bernadette was wearing an Intis-styled blouse and was sitting there quietly. Her chestnut-colored hair was naturally draped over her shoulders, and her straight brows were spread out perfectly. She actually had the aura of a female professional from Earth, one that had been in a high position for a long period of time.

The Emperor's sense of aesthetics still has quite the influence over Queen Mystic. However, it's limited by the environment around her, and it cannot be fully manifested… Klein took off his hat and pressed it to his chest. He bowed slightly before casually pulling out a chair and sitting down.

With a sweep of her blue eyes that resembled the deep-blue sea, Bernadette's gentle and calm voice rang out:

"Why did you contact me so urgently this time?"

Aren't you a Clairvoyant? Didn't you receive a hint of a revelation? Klein subconsciously replied in his mind before he felt that he was being too arrogant.

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1093: The Angels of The Fool

Editor: Atlas Studios

Queen Mystic's powers are all very fantastical—no, fairytale-like… Klein glanced at the fountain pen that was writing on its own. He took out a pen and paper from his pocket and wrote the incantation to summon his messenger. He also indicated that each letter delivery needed the payment of a gold coin.

Right on the heels of that, he handed the piece of paper to Bernadette and took the other party's piece of paper. He quickly scanned through it.

"An invisible creature wandering above the world, a strange spiritual body that is friendly to humans, a messenger that belongs solely to Bernadette Gustav…"

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1094: Breakthrough Point

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a small alley in the Backlund Bridge area, Xio once again met the MI9 staff responsible for contacting her.

"This is your reward from exchanging your merit points. A total of 2,500 pounds. Heh heh, I helped you get another 500 pounds." The golden-masked man threw a bulging envelope at Xio.

Xio caught it accurately and didn't count. She instinctively pressed down and sincerely said, "Thank you."

The golden-masked man waved his hand and said, "There's no need to thank me. This is also a good thing for me. If you continue to harp on past matters without letting go, I'm very worried that I'll go to military court one day.

"Are you still going to stay in Backlund?"

"Yes, I'm already used to living in a big city. When the war stops, I'll bring my family here," Xio said, having already made up her mind.

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1095: Acting as Himself

Editor: Atlas Studios

"You suspect that Vice Admiral Ailment's fleet is hidden there?" Anderson asked in thought when he heard Danitz's words.

Danitz replied in excitement, "It's very likely! Didn't the Black Death vanish after steering towards the west and after leaving Theros Island?"

Anderson curled his lips and chuckled.

"If Vice Admiral Ailment's whereabouts were so easily discovered by you, why would she need to hide?

"How can islands that you can find out about be considered hidden enough?"

"Hey! What do you mean by that?" Danitz felt like he had been mocked.

Anderson shrugged.

"I don't mean anything. I'm just using my brain to analyze it.

"That island should exist, but it either belongs to the type that many people here know about, or it's intel that someone deliberately released.

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1096: Cooperation

Editor: Atlas Studios

At just past six in the morning, the entirety of Backlund remained dark. It was very quiet, with most areas being illuminated only by the street lamps.

Wearing his pajamas, Klein sat on the bed and looked at Miss Messenger who was carrying four heads. He rubbed his temples and asked helplessly, "Who sent the letter?"

Why couldn't he have a good night's rest?

The three heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hands replied one by one, "That…" "Particular…" "Brainless…"

"Servant…" "Of…" "Yours…"

Danitz… He prayed in the middle of the night in the past, and now he's sending letters in the morning… Klein took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. Following that, he received the letter from Miss Messenger.

When he opened it, his expression gradually turned solemn. This was because Danitz's and Anderson's discovery of Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's location was extremely untimely.

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1097: Different Conundrum

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing that her mistress was clearly interested in ghost tales, Annie glanced at the other maids who were preparing hot water, combs, and other items. She continued, "The doctors and nurses wished to invite the Church's bishop to host a Mass, but the remaining patients strongly objected to it. They look forward to meeting that ghost. They all call it 'the Clown Angel.' They say that its terrifying appearance resembles a specially dressed clown, but in actual fact, it's an angel who can resolve pain and torment."

"This title is very interesting…" Audrey said with a faint smile.

If it were in the past, she would definitely be very interested in this, perhaps eager to make a trip to the hospital via Dream Traversal to figure out what was going on with the so-called "Clown Angel." However, the sudden eruption of the war made her feel rather depressed. She felt that there were too many important things that she needed to do, so she wasn't in the mood to probe further.

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1098: Contribution Accumulation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing the words of the pools of black shadows, a figure suddenly appeared in Klein's mind.

It was the elder in a white robe with inlaid brass lines. His hair was completely white and neatly combed. His pair of gray-green eyes left a deep impression on him.

He claimed to be a member of the Church of Knowledge and that he was in charge of matters in West Balam and had a close relationship with Maysanchez.

Back then, he had suddenly paid a visit to Dwayne Dantès, giving the excuse for his visit as him having predicted that he would be in a very troublesome situation in the future, and that someone he met during that time period would help him resolve the problem.

After some thought, he slowly said, "Lucca Brewster?"

"Yes, it's me. You actually still remember me!" In the different parts of the illusory bookshelves, the pool of liquid-like shadows rushed to answer.

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1099: 1368

Editor: Atlas Studios

"…" Lucca Brewster looked down at himself and hurriedly raised his right hand to grab something beside him.

Then, his grayish-green eyes darkened.

The gold that mixed with the stairs suddenly flew out and fused in midair, forming a thin piece of armor that then covered Lucca Brewster.

Lucca stretched his arms and explained as he took in the feedback, "Stiano's Golden Armor Art. Its defensive capabilities are equivalent to that of a Sequence 5 Guardian."

"Stiano?" Klein asked casually.

Lucca said in a tone as though he was introducing a famous historical figure, "One of the earliest founders of the Moses Ascetic Order.

"I heard that Emperor Roselle had previously modified this Golden Armor Art. I wonder what effects it eventually produced."

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1100: One Book

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the boundless gray fog, inside the ancient palace that resembled a god's residence.

Dark red beams of light shot up from both sides of the long bronze table, materializing into blurry figures.

Justice Audrey immediately stood up, lifted her skirt, and curtsied towards the seat of honor.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

She wasn't in a bad mood, but with everything that had happened recently, she couldn't keep her spirits up like before.

After all the members bowed and took their seats, Audrey swept her gaze and habitually began observing.

Almost instantly, she discovered that Ma'am Hermit's mental state and body language indicated that she was worried about something.

It has something to do with Queen Mystic? Or could it be that there are other problems? Or could it be that both factors are involved in the matter? Audrey was slightly surprised, and she curiously considered the possible reasons for this.

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1101: Special Reward

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cattleya also didn't return to her senses for a few seconds. She never expected Emperor Roselle's secret mausoleum to involve the Abyss.

However, after some careful thought, she realized that it wasn't surprising that a conflict at that level would involve something like that.

For a moment, she hoped that the Queen wouldn't pursue this matter, but in the end, she suppressed this thought to the bottom of her heart. She felt that if it were her, then she would also make the same choice.

All sorts of thoughts flashed through her mind as she bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table.

"Thank you for your answer. I have no further questions today."

The Fool nodded slightly and surveyed the area.

"You may begin."

Just as he finished speaking, Fors, who had been mustering her courage all this while, said as she closed her eyes as though she had resolved herself to charge towards death, "Mr. World, I have a commission for you."

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1102: Engaging Tigers to Hunt Wolves

Editor: Atlas Studios

Protective custody… That's quite a witty answer. As expected of a newly promoted Red Gloves team captain… When The Fool Klein heard The Star Leonard's answer, he couldn't help but laugh inwardly.

He knew very well who Emlyn was referring to, and he knew quite a bit about Bishop Utravsky, who wished to be called a priest.

He didn't really believe Emlyn White's claim that "he hasn't done anything wrong, nor does he plan on doing anything wrong." This was because, to a deity's Blessed or a zealot, their understanding of something wrong might be different from a normal person's.

Of course, Klein never suspected Father Utravsky's piouness and acknowledgment of 'life's precious embrace, the harvest's grace,' but the problem was that the Church of Earth Mother also preached that lives were like "plants," which would ultimately wither and die, returning to the embrace of the Earth Mother. They would then grow again when the "next year" came.

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1103: Hint

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein didn't actually remember if he had told The Hanged Man and the others that the Sailor, Spectator, Sun, Reader and Secrets Suppliant pathways were interchangeable—unless he used dream divination to recall it.

However, since The Hanged Man had expressed his doubts towards the Church of the Lord of Storms, it meant that he hadn't thought about the interchangeability of both paths. Regardless of whether he knew it or not, or if he had yet to connect the two matters together, Klein believed that there was a need for him to explain things clearly. This allowed the members of the Tarot Club to grasp the true stances of the various major factions, thus letting them avoid many dangers.

After The Hanged Man, Alger, and the others cast their gazes at him, he controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him say in a low, uncertain tone, "The Storm, Sun, Spectator, Reader, and Secrets Suppliant pathways are neighboring pathways.

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1104: Contradiction

Editor: Atlas Studios

The world above the gray fog had been restored to its state of silence, as though the gathering that had just ended was an illusion.

Klein bent his finger and lightly knocked on the edge of the long, mottled table. He made the pages of the Roselle diary which Cattleya had just given appear once again.

Amidst an indescribable stillness, Klein cast his gaze towards the first paragraph of the first page with a solemn expression.

"27th September, I saw Miss Ithaca once again. I had a nerve-wracking and thrilling but sufficiently wonderful experience with her. As expected, I prefer women of this age. I'm not just reminiscing about my youth, but rather that I haven't changed after so many years. Heh heh, I'm really dedicated."

…I read your diary with such seriousness, and you're giving me this? The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he lampooned at the emperor who he had only seen a portrait of.

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1105: The Key Diary Entry

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the grayish-white that wasn't perturbed at all, Klein silently sat at the end of the long, mottled table, like a stone statue that had existed for hundreds of thousands of years.

Regarding the discovery he had just now, he felt a deep sense of fear from the bottom of his heart. He felt a chill rush out from the back of his head, spreading across his entire body, bringing with it obvious yet real shudders.

It was as if he had witnessed a familiar friend become a stranger in a very short span of time. His actions were abnormal, as though he had been replaced by someone else.

Of course, there was a clearer and more direct analogy in this aspect: It would be Leonard Mitchell coming to visit and discuss the matter regarding Pallez Zoroast as a monocle is suddenly taken out and then put on.

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1106: Making Contact

Editor: Atlas Studios

Returning to the real world, Klein immediately took out a pen and paper and wrote a short letter:

"Investigate the nameless island which led to the deaths of Grimm, William, and Poli. This can be done through the descendants of Edwards, Benjamin Abraham, and the descendants of the three deceased."

This was a letter to Queen Mystic Bernadette, so Klein didn't write the reason. He believed that she would understand what this meant.

After folding the letter, Klein casually found a candle and began the summoning ritual.

After completing the setup, he placed the letter on the altar, took two steps back, and recited in ancient Hermes:

"I!

"I summon in my name:

"An invisible creature wandering above the world, a strange spiritual body that is friendly to humans, a messenger that belongs solely to Bernadette Gustav."

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1107: Relax

Editor: Atlas Studios

As a Hunter who had Shadow Cloak, Danitz's hiding and monitoring abilities were always pretty good. Back then, he had even helped Gehrman Sparrow lay an ambush for Steel Maveti. At this moment, he didn't show any traces of himself, but he felt a little bored. He was eager for Anderson to switch with him as soon as possible.

When will such a life end? Vice Admiral Ailment, hurry up and appear. No, no, not now. It's better to wait until Anderson arrives… Danitz did some introspection and rationally ended his "prayer."

He was worried that a pirate admiral at Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy's level would discover that he was hiding in the dark, and he lacked the courage and confidence to deal with her.

Of course, if he wore the boxing glove, everything wouldn't be a problem.

As long as he made the decision fast enough, fear and apprehension wouldn't be able to catch up to him!

"You seem very troubled?" Suddenly, a voice rang beside Danitz's ear.

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1108: Messed Up Family

Editor: Atlas Studios

Gehrman Sparrow's silence made Tracy's heart sink, as though she had fallen into an ice cavern.

When he saw despair surface on Vice Admiral Ailment's face, Klein took out a piece of paper from his pocket. With a flick of his wrist, he made it fly forward like a poker card.

With a whoosh, the slip of paper cut through a tiny portion of the invisible spider webs like a piece of metal. It tore open the translucent ice crystal and lacerated Tracy's left arm, causing blood to splatter.

The surface of the paper was quickly dyed with a bright red tinge before it boomeranged back from the trapped Demoness into Klein's palm.

"…" Tracy originally imagined that the piece of paper would come at her throat, but she never expected it to only target her arm. She was momentarily stunned. Only when Gehrman Sparrow folded the piece of paper and placed it into an iron cigar case did she suddenly realize something. She asked, "Your true target is Katarina?"

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1109: Patience

Editor: Atlas Studios

After ending the divination and returning to the real world, Klein walked to the room outside the rental flat. There, he pondered for nearly a minute while looking at the crimson moon in the night sky.

Perhaps, there's still another chance for digesting the potion… he muttered silently as he ultimately rummaged for something. He took the two marionettes and disappeared into the shadows.

In Backlund, he no longer dared to use Flaming Jump, afraid that it might catch Zaratul's notice. After all, it was impossible for him to always have an opportunity to ignite Will Auceptin's paper crane to protect himself. This was a sign of disrespect towards the Snake of Fate, and it was easy for Dr. Aaron's family to be targeted if he kept visiting them.

In the blink of an eye, Klein appeared at the back of the tall, gothic-styled bell tower in his dream. He hid in the shadows—one formed by the Bell of Order, a symbol of Backlund.

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1110: "Spirit" Channeling

Editor: Atlas Studios

For a moment, the cold night became abnormally scorching hot, as though invisible lava was surging within it.

However, everything quickly returned to normal.

The Red Angel evil spirit sized up Klein and smiled as if nothing had happened.

"I'll say it again. You have talent in being a Provoker.

"Back when Zaratul digested the Bizarro Sorcerer potion, even 'He' didn't dare to pretend to be Amon in front of me."

There wasn't a hint of anger in his tone. He didn't mention why Zaratul didn't dare to do so, but with his gaze sweeping across Klein, it was as if he had fallen deep inside a glacier, his body freezing in the process.

This was how his actual body felt. Even though he was separated by a marionette, the back of his neck and back still had goosebumps.

Without needing Sauron Einhorn Medici to say anything else, Klein understood the hidden meaning behind his words:

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1111: "Poker Expert"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing the Red Angel evil spirit's reply, Demoness of White Katarina's expression instantly froze, unable to contain her anger.

Sauron Einhorn Medici laughed and continued, "You must've become a demigod at the end of the Fourth Epoch. It's been more than a thousand years, but you haven't become an angel. Don't you feel inferior?

"As for that fellow just now, he had to rely on Azik Eggers to face you head-on in the beginning. He was as weak as a newly-hatched chick. But now, in less than a year, he has already advanced to Sequence 4 and obtained godhood. He has the ability to match your strength. Don't you have any thoughts about this? Didn't you think that the past thousand years were a waste? Even a dog might open the gates to angelhood after living for more than a thousand years.

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1112: Traveling Notebook

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the magnificent palace above the gray fog, Klein stretched out his right hand and tapped the edge of the long, mottled table as he muttered silently, *The five large family clans of the Tudor Dynasty are Amon, Abraham, Antigonus, Jacob, and Tamara… The one who helped Alista Tudor become Blood Emperor were the Kings of Angels, Adam, Amon, and Abraham…*

Can it be inferred that, during the time of the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire, supporting one of the two consuls, Alista, included Amon and Abraham?

If that's the case, Blood Emperor Alista Tudor didn't have plans on switching paths in the beginning. When he secretly constructed the mausoleums, he likely would've sought the help of one or more of the following: Amon, Abraham, and Antigonus. As for Bethel Abraham, he's Mr. Door, and he grasps the Apprentice pathway. When it comes to "Teleportation," even a true deity might not be as good as "Him"…

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1113: Powerful Guardian

Editor: Atlas Studios

The towering building stood quietly in the frozen dusk. There wasn't any sound in the area, as though it was just an oil painting.

After passing through such an environment, Derrick Berg became even more high-strung than when he had explored the depths of the darkness. The hair on his back stood on end.

After entering a place shrouded in dusk, the entire exploration team, including Chief Colin Iliad and Shepherd Elder Lovia, couldn't help but show signs of exhaustion and looking worn out. It was as if they had reached the end of their lives. And as they proceeded forward, rotting giants ran out of different buildings in increasing numbers and increasing strength.

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1114: The Remnant Will

Editor: Atlas Studios

The forest that should've been engulfed in darkness and in decline was filled with the orange-red light of dusk. The light was intense and burned like fire, but it couldn't help but carry a sense of brilliance with it that couldn't be ignored.

With the Unshadowed Crucifix that seemed like pure light condensating in his hand, Derrick Berg slowly walked ahead. The grizzled Demon Hunter Colin, who was walking behind him to the left, held two straight swords in his hand. Haim, who was walking behind him to the right, held the Thunder God's Roar hammer. This two-meter-tall half-giant was prepared to switch the hammer for the Sealed Artifact with Derrick at any time.

The radiance emitted by the Unshadowed Crucifix became increasingly dim, as though the sun had already set in the horizon, leaving only a sliver of golden light.

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1115: Inside the King's Court

Editor: Atlas Studios

One of the two humanoid skeletons wasn't more than 1.9 meters tall, while the other was less than 1.8 meters tall. It looked ordinary, but it delivered an unimaginable blow to Klein who was above the gray fog.

At that moment, it was as though he had returned to the time when he saw the door of light and the "cocoons." Although the emotions he felt were different, the shock was almost identical.

This… This isn't the corpse of a giant… This definitely belongs to a human… The parents of the Giant King Aurmir were humans? Klein's pupils dilated suddenly, as though they were thirsting to let more light in for him to see it more clearly.

However, no matter how he observed or scrutinized the skeletons, he couldn't find any characteristics of giants from the two grayish-white skeletons.

Their limbs were perfectly proportional, and their skull had two eye sockets. They were definitely not underaged giants!

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1116: Familiar Gaze

Editor: Atlas Studios

Lovia's response made Joshua even more wary. He looked at the other members of the expedition team and anxiously asked, "Did any of you hear any abnormal footsteps?"

With Thunder God's Roar and a broadsword in hand, Derrick recalled for a few seconds and shook his head in denial. Haim, who held the Unshadowed Crucifix in his hand, looked at the Sealed Artifact that was still glowing and replied, "Perhaps it's your hallucination?"

"No, I heard it very clearly." The scarlet-gloved Joshua frowned and expressed his opinion.

Upon hearing this, Demon Hunter Colin, who was walking right in front, half-turned around and calmly instructed, "Haim, Antiona, check on Joshua's condition."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Haim immediately walked to Joshua and pressed the Unshadowed Crucifix which appeared to be a manifestation of pure light against his teammates' forehead.

However, this Sealed Artifact didn't undergo any changes.

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1117: The Strongest Organization

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the flames flickered, Derrick and company subconsciously looked at the long dark red table. The first thing they noticed was the figure closest to them.

The figure wore a simple linen robe, and had a head of long silver hair and indiscernible facial features. It made Colin, Lovia, and Derrick find the figure oddly familiar.

In an instant, they felt as though a bolt of lightning struck their minds, illuminating their blurry memories.

"Angel of Fate, Ouroboros!"

Just as the pupils of the team from the City of Silver dilated, the figure turned around and looked at them.

A pair of indifferent eyes immediately occupied their vision as extraordinary mysterious rings appeared.

In a daze, Derrick saw a figure in front of him. He was a handsome, radiant, and energetic man. He wore a pure white robe and had short golden hair.

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1118: Klein's Fear

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the past, Rose Redemption could be called the Deity Alliance… But such an organization could only develop itself quietly under the might of the Ancient Sun God. It had to hide, hide, hide, and secretly scheme in the palace of dusk… How powerful was the Ancient Sun God in the past… Klein couldn't help but let out a breath as he felt deeply poignant.

He examined his own Tarot Club and realized that, compared to the Rose Redemption, it was like child's play. Even if he counted the auxiliary members, Will Auceptin, Pallez Zoroast, Azik Eggers, and Reinette Tinekerr, there was no way to compare with the Rose Redemption at its peak.

No, even if I compare it with the current watered-down version of Rose Redemption, there's still a huge gap between it and the Tarot Club. After all, its leader and convener is only a Sequence 4 saint… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he turned his attention to the eleven figures.

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1119: Tacit Cooperation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing the Chief's words, Shepherd Lovia immediately raised her question:

"Just like the two Silver Knights at the front gate of the King's Court. It won't take the initiative to attack targets outside a certain range?"

Colin Iliad nodded slightly and said, "At least that's how it seems to be at the moment."

They were already near the exit, but the guard outside had no reaction.

This meant that the other party didn't possess real intelligence or spirituality. It was very likely that they were objects that came to life.

Without waiting for the other members to speak, Demon Hunter Colin continued, "Huge, heavy…"

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1120: Court Chaser

Editor: Atlas Studios

The dark blue, boundless sea that ebbed gently and seemed to contain infinite life was presented to members of the City of Silver's expedition team. It was no longer a record written down in ancient books, nor was it a combination of words spoken by outsiders.

Although it was still very far away, it seemed like contact was possible.

The wine-red-haired Antiona watched in a daze. She opened her mouth, as though she wanted to say something, but in the end, all she said were the words: "The sea…"

Just as she finished speaking, a silver crack suddenly appeared on her forehead.

The crack shot up rapidly, instantly splitting Antiona into two halves. Warm and bright red blood gushed out, splashing across Derrick's face.

Without a sound, more silvery-white light shot out from her body, splitting her body into countless small pieces of flesh.

The reveling face full of hope was like a puzzle that had fallen to the ground, splattering everywhere.

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1121: Weakness

Editor: Atlas Studios

Since Light Culler Murskogan didn't gain his long lifespan from his Beyonder characteristic, Klein could only begin considering external factors.

The effects of a mystical item? No, he doesn't have any mystical items on him. Aside from the Giant King's residence, there's nothing in the vicinity either. However, that's the sleeping ground of Dark Angel Sasrir. Furthermore, the key is with me. I don't think Murskogan would dare or have the means to enter…

Who took the key to the Giant King's residence after Sasrir fell into a slumber? Isn't that a bit too wicked? Of course, the palace without the powers of a deity augmenting it wouldn't be able to trap a King of Angels… Or perhaps, this key had long been transported to the Northern Continent during the migration of the giants. Sasrir chose to sleep in the palace because, other than a small number of existences, no one can open the door and affect "His" sleep?

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1122: The Instructions of The Fool

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, when Klein saw Light Culler Murskogan rapidly age and decompose into bones, he suddenly recalled Mobet, Siatas, Frunziar, and Snowman when they left Groselle's Travels.

He didn't have the time to stop it back then, and it was no different this time. This was because the leader of the King's Court Chasers had never chanted the honorific name of The Fool, so he was unable to pull him above the gray fog.

However, compared to before, with the Sea God Scepter in hand, he could now do more things by using the prayer light.

He immediately accommodated the Black Emperor card and activated the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. He made the Paper Angel carry his own words and use the crimson star to enter the real world and land on the remnant spirit of Light Culler Murskogan.

This was one of the methods that wouldn't lower his loftiness as The Fool. After all, the True Creator was still watching the area.

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1123: After the Expedition

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, when he saw that the City of Silver's exploration team had begun embarking on their way back as the Giant King's palace remained unchanged, Klein heaved a sigh of relief and leaned back in his chair, exhausted.

After two hours of observation, his spirituality was nearing its limits. At most, he could hold out for another fifteen minutes.

Regardless, the things obtained from this expedition completely exceeded my imagination. It's only right to give the Silver Knight potion formula to the City of Silver. As he rubbed his forehead, his thoughts began to wander. Being aware of these ancient secrets is very helpful to my digestion after my advancement. The problem now is that my Bizarro Sorcerer potion hasn't been fully digested…

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1124: Enhanced Teammates

Editor: Atlas Studios

Hazel's gaze instantly froze as she felt something rapidly expanding in her mind. It was about to tear apart an invisible barrier and spew out.

She instinctively looked away and curled up slightly.

Then, she felt a ray of light shoot out from the depths of her heart, exploding into countless memory fragments in her mind as it howled, raging back and forth.

She suddenly remembered what had happened at home that day. She recalled her father, mother, maid, and servants wearing monocles or pinching their eye sockets. The indescribable horror was so vivid, as though it had been carved into her bones.

The expression on Hazel's face crumbled as she curled into a ball as she trembled. The maidservant in the carriage was stunned as she hurriedly stood up and reached out her hands in an attempt to help her up.

"No!" Hazel trembled as she shouted with a nearly sharp voice.

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1125: Opportunity

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he listened to Will Auceptin's "tearful complaints," Klein was at a loss as to how to react. He could only remain expressionless.

After the baby wrapped in silver silk calmed down, he asked in puzzlement, "Even if I said it earlier, it's useless. When I met you, you were already 'rebooted.'"

"No, I was still Will Auceptin at that time. I didn't have Ceres as my last name, I'd "rebooted" for a long time back then." The chubby baby wiped his tears and said, "Although I was still quite some time away from becoming an adult, as long as I was willing to take a certain risk, it wasn't impossible to accommodate it. With the luck I've accumulated, that risk can be resolved. But, the difference now is just too great. There's no way to make up for it."

With a thought, Klein said after some deliberation, "Perhaps you can find an angel from the Marauder pathway to steal time from you, allowing you to grow up faster."

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1126: "Unexpected"

Editor: Atlas Studios

After bringing the wood-colored cane back to the real world, Klein immediately began the ritual.

He lit the candles and burned the corresponding essential oils and herbal powder, took two steps back, and skillfully recited the honorific name of the Goddess. Finally, he said, "I sacrifice this cane filled with life to you. I'm willing to receive your blessings."

He didn't directly mention the Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart and White Frost Crystal. This was equivalent to making an equivalent exchange, not offering sacrificial items and praying for a bestowment.

There was no need to be too meticulous in other aspects of the ritual, but this was a case of showing his attitude at a fundamental level. He felt that he needed to be careful.

When Klein finished his sentence, two out of the three candle flames swelled and intertwined, forming an illusory and dark mysterious door.

The door slowly opened, creating strong invisible winds.

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1127: Sefirah Castle

Editor: Atlas Studios

Only after the two burning dark-red fireballs floated over from the Hounds of Fulgrim and landed in front of him did Klein snap back to his senses. He felt puzzled and relieved.

Why did they harm themselves to come up with a pair of eyes for me? These eyeballs seem to have thick and sticky blood covering them…

If this is their trap, I would've already stepped into it. To think that I fell into a daze for a few seconds. This is a fatal mistake for a Bizarro Sorcerer in battle…

However, no matter who it is, it's inevitable that they will have similar reactions when encountering something like this the first time—the terrifying enemy who they had meticulously planned to deal with had ended up kneeling down and wagging their tails the moment they see them; this is like a dream…

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1128: Finally An Outcome

Editor: Atlas Studios

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

After receiving Demoness Trissy's reply from Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr, he pulled a chair to sit down and began reading.

This means she knows of Mr. Door's existence, and she has a way to use the bloodline of the Abraham family to communicate with that entity… Trissy can already withstand Mr. Door's cry for help. Isn't she afraid of losing control because of this? Besides, she seems to be very sure of Mr. Door's identity… She really has obtained more knowledge and secrets from the Primordial Demoness… But in such a situation, why would the Demoness of White Katarina be pursuing her? Questions arose in Klein's mind as he read the short letter.

As the matter vaguely mentioned by Trissy was within his understanding, he believed that she wasn't lying in this aspect. Furthermore, she had provided a very feasible solution.

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1129: Pressure

Editor: Atlas Studios

The current Abyss is a place most Devils are unable to live in? Upon hearing Mr. Fool's reply, Cattleya and company inevitably felt a deep sense of shock.

In mysticism, the Abyss was considered by all to be the most corrupted and most disorderly place. It was where the Devils lived. But now, most of the "natives" were unable to survive there!

Is the environment in the Abyss worsening, causing the Devils to be unable to adapt to it, or is it because the situation regarding the corruption, chaos, and degeneration has improved, making the Abyss no longer suitable for the Devils to live in? Alger quickly had two theories, but he didn't know which one it was.

The Hermit Cattleya shared the same thoughts as him, but she was even more puzzled as to why the Queen would ask such a question. Regarding Mr. Fool's answer, it seemed to have a deeper meaning to it, one that could help the Queen's in understanding whatever agenda she had, and it's secrets.

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1130: News Storm

Editor: Atlas Studios

Two Sequence 3 demigods were guarding the main door… As expected of the Giant King's Court. The divine kingdom of an ancient god… The members of the Tarot Club suddenly felt a similar feeling. As for The Sun Derrick, he didn't pause as he continued his recount.

To him, he was shocked when he first discovered the two Silver Knights guarding the main door of the Giant King's Court. However, the series of events that followed made it seem extremely ordinary, making it difficult to stir up his emotions.

"…According to what Mr. World shared, we followed a rather hidden path to the back of the Giant King's Court… The monsters we encountered were mainly wraiths. They were restrained by the Unshadowed Crucifix…

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1131: An Indescribable Transaction

Editor: Atlas Studios

This is also a question I wanted to ask… The Fool Klein, who was seated at the end of the long, mottled table, echoed Mr. Hanged Man in his heart.

Leonard thought for a moment and tried to find a possible reason:

"Although the birth of the True Creator originates from Rose Redemption, it doesn't mean that 'He' knows everything about Rose Redemption. Perhaps figuring out the truth back then is one of 'His' motives…"

Just as he said that, Justice Audrey objected:

"The Angel of Fate, Ouroboros, who was drawing that mural, is still in Rose Redemption and follows the True Creator. If 'He' had any questions, 'He' could've just asked 'Him' directly."

"Perhaps the True Creator's goal is to confirm Dark Angel Sasrir's condition. From Shepherd Lovia's strong desire to enter the palace of the Giant King, we can preliminary determine that." Cattleya gave her own opinion.

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1132: Interlude

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the alley where few people visited, the environment grew darker as a cold wind wafted through it. Although it wasn't like a blade that could slice a person's face with its coldness, it seemed to possess magic as it slowly but firmly seeped into the clothes of people.

As Gehrman Sparrow, Klein raised his hand and pressed down on his top hat. He saw Miss Magician wearing a dark-colored scarf and a thick coat. She carried a rather heavy suitcase and walked into the alley, looking extremely wary.

In the Loen Kingdom, due to the Church of Evernight's influence, many of the clothes that were deemed only male also had lady versions of them. Just like in Intis, the ladies of high society often sat sideways while on horseback, thanks to a special saddle. However, Loen didn't do the same. The ladies had their own horseback attire.

Klein pulled out his left hand that was wearing Creeping Hunger from his pocket and spread open his fingers.

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1133: Chant

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the Backlund Bridge area, according to the information provided by Miss Messenger, he found the man who had been seduced by Trissy and ended up helping her "send" the letter.

However, Klein didn't enter the apartment, nor did he disturb his target. He stuck both hands into his black trench coat pocket and continued walking forward.

Under the illumination of the street lamps, he walked all the way to the crossroads and turned into another street.

During this process, a rat that was stealing food in a particular building suddenly shivered.

It then gave up on the piece of cheese and followed the usual "tunnel" that it used to pass through, and it moved towards the target area.

Then, the rat opened its mouth and let out a human's voice:

"Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua…"

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1134: Mr. Door

Editor: Atlas Studios

As Trissy recited the words, the gems around her emitted cracking sounds as they shattered into powder and floated up.

They shimmered with red, blue, green, or resplendent light before rapidly gathering into a torrent that surged towards the candlelight on the altar.

At the same time, strands of hair that had been burnt inside the cauldron joined the process.

The fire began to expand and interweave with each other, turning increasingly dark, as if it was an illusory door that led to other worlds.

Trissy immediately felt the surrounding temperature drop rapidly, as though countless dangers were seeping out of the fire.

A sentence flashed across her mind. It was a reminder from Gehrman Sparrow:

"Be careful of Mr. Door."

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1135: Fragrant

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the Sonia Sea, Pasu Island.

The Blue Avenger, which had been summoned, finally arrived at the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms. It was docked at a port.

Alger removed the cloth wrapped around his head and jumped off the shipboard, landing firmly on the dock thanks to the wind.

The Wind-blessed potion he had consumed had long been digested. The reason why he had done so was to make himself appear more like the other members of the Church, making them feel a sense of kinship.

Years of experience told Alger that it was best to maintain uniformity with the people around him most of the time. He didn't want to appear out of the ordinary. Under the circumstances where he had plenty of secrets, it was even more imperative to do so!

"Haha, Alger, control your impatience." A man who had been waiting at the dock came forward with a smile.

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1136: Rumors from Ancient Times

Editor: Atlas Studios

Putting down the Classical Alchemist potion formula, Klein cast his gaze towards the two tubes of blood Little Sun had sacrificed.

Then, he beckoned for a ceramic jar wrapped in layers of paper figurines.

This was the Beyonder blood from different pathways that he had previously gathered. It had been placed above the gray fog and sealed with the Paper Angel in order to slowly integrate it into this mysterious space's aura, removing the connection between the blood and the individual. This was to prevent any accidents from happening to the provider when the symbol was used to open the door.

To him, it was fine if he suffered backlash. After all, there was at least one more chance of him reviving. If it would affect those who trusted him and gave their blood, he would rather not do it.

After peeling off the paper figurines at the mouth of the jar and pouring the two tubes of blood into it, he conjured a glass stick and reached in to stir it.

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1137: Amidst History

Editor: Atlas Studios

On a barren island in the Berserk Sea.

This place wasn't far from the Southern Continent, but it didn't belong there geographically. The reason why Klein had chosen this island as a place for himself to advance to Scholar of Yore was, firstly, because he wanted to avoid Amon and Zaratul to the best of his ability. He also didn't want to enter the region where the Mother Tree of Desire had a wide range of influence. Secondly, because the Berserk Sea was enveloped by the power left behind by Death, this was, in a way, a part of the Evernight Goddess's kingdom. If the ritual were to create a huge commotion, it was possible for some effective screening.

Furthermore, this place is very desolate. There aren't many creatures here, so there's no need to worry about any accidents affecting the innocent… Klein surveyed the area and began to set up a ritual. He brought the corresponding materials back from above the gray fog to the real world.

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1138: "Scholar of Yore"

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the highlands, on an altar with eyes, arms, heads, and organs embedded in it.

Blood-red light surged out like a tidal wave, distorting into the shape of a deformed tree.

Amidst a buzzing sound, the human bones, candles, silver plates, and gold boxes trembled, as though they could slice through one's Spirit Body.

The surrounding supplicants instinctively bowed their heads and prostrated.

Then, they simultaneously came to a realization:

"The Berserk Sea, reef island…"

…

When he saw the ancient palace above the gray fog and sensed the slight tremble of the mysterious space, Klein felt that he had a deeper connection with the so-called "Sefirah Castle," one that was hard to accurately grasp.

At this moment, he truly felt that place would gradually belong to him.

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1139: A Different Form of Companionship

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the endless grayish-white fog, Klein's figure appeared in the ancient palace.

He only looked around briefly, and he realized that there were a few changes.

The most obvious point was that the state of the mysterious space and its layout had been fully projected into his Spirit Body. Even at a great distance, he could still see the grayish-white clouds and that strange door of light.

Apart from the palace that I conjured and the door of light that originally existed, there's nothing here. It's empty, boundless, and full of power of a high level… As he murmured, he sat down, raised his right hand, and gently lifted it up.

In the blink of an eye, the entire gray fog boiled. The mysterious space it carried quaked as beams of slightly dark light emitted.

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1140: Plans

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, East Borough, 7 Pinster Street.

After a busy day, Leonard finally had the chance to ask his questions:

"Old man, what is Sefirah Castle?"

The slightly-aged voice in his mind fell silent for a few seconds. He chuckled and said, *"The place where you meet every Monday is most likely Sefirah Castle."*

"…" Leonard never expected to hear such an answer. His mind went blank for a moment. He was surprised, shocked, and confused, mixed together with the thoughts of it being impossible for it to pop out of nowhere and the poignant feelings of how complicated things were.

After a while, he pressed in a low voice, "What kind of place is Sefirah Castle?"

As though sighing and laughing self-deprecatingly, Pallez Zoroast said, *"Actually, I'm not too sure. I've only heard some rumors.*

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1141: Deep Winter

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sonia Sea, Pasu Island, Chasm of Storm Cathedral.

This was the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms, the holiest of holy temples, a place blessed by a god.

The murals that were painted in blue, silver, green, and golden colors seemed rough, but they had a sacred and majestic vibe to them. Coupled with the dome that stood at a height with an excess of a hundred meters, it made all who stood there feel how puny they were. It made one unable to resist bowing their head.

Alger Wilson had already undergone the ritual and had "truly" become a Sequence 5 Ocean Songster. At this moment, he had come here with the same batch of recently advanced Beyonders, awaiting the preaching of Pontiff Gaard II.

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1142: Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

After removing the Paper Angel wrapping the ceramic jar, Klein poured the bottle of Devil's blood into it, and he stirred it with a glass stick he conjured for some time.

Phew, I've finally gathered everything. He looked for a few seconds and sighed.

This way, he still had enough time to prepare before George III's ceremony.

As for whether the Assassin and Devil blood had enough time to be rid of the connection with its original host, he wasn't concerned, as he had confirmed that the original owners of the two sets of blood were dead.

He divined the origins of the Assassin blood to figure out if it belonged to Demoness Trissy. If it did, he considered leaving some and smearing it on the surface of Groselle's Travels after everything was over.

He was left in disappointment, but he wasn't surprised. He had long realized that Trissy was as cautious as he was.

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1143: Reasonable Development

Editor: Atlas Studios

I can only maintain it for about a minute or so… That's way too short, isn't it? A thought flashed through Klein's mind. Without thinking about anything else, he took two steps to the desk.

He put down Groselle's Travels and quickly wrote on a piece of paper with 0-08:

"George III plans to use this speech to bait out all his enemies who want to sabotage his ritual. However, if everything goes smoothly and nothing happens, he'll take the opportunity to consume the potion and reveal his trump card to aim for divinity. After all, there are too many unknowns in the future, making it unsafe. Furthermore, he has made appropriate preparations for the ritual, they're already prepared to an adequate level.

"This is a very reasonable development."

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1144: Narrowly

Editor: Atlas Studios

Due to the fact that they had arrived early, the seats that Melissa and Benson could choose from weren't too bad. They could directly see something strange on the grayish-white stone pillars in the middle of the square. Its two heads dramatically differed in size and were painted with dark blue paint. It was connected to some cables.

At the foot of the object was a troop of soldiers in red shirts and white pants. They were carrying grayish-white metal backpacks, as well as complicated structures and small-caliber rifles. They were watching their surroundings in high alert.

As more and more citizens gathered, the square began bustling with activity.

At nine o'clock sharp, the strange object on the stone pillar suddenly produced sizzling sounds. Finally, it changed into a deep and thick voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm your emperor, ruler of Loen, East Balam, and Rorsted Archipelago, George Augustus III."

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1145: Three Arrows At The Same Time

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein didn't have the time to think about such trivial matters. After having his existence "concealed," he immediately got Enuni to switch places with a new marionette who was formerly a pirate.

Immediately following that, he activated Creeping Hunger and brought Enuni and Qonas to the secret mausoleum in Awwa County.

As he could only maintain three images from the Historical Void at the same time, it was impossible for him to abandon his marionette and directly come over by using a summoned projection. It would occupy a crucial spot. As for the remaining marionettes in Memorial Square, they wouldn't die on the spot in half an hour. They would only appear to be in a daze. However, this wasn't something that would attract too much attention while listening to a speech. Finally, if he didn't return, the Red Gloves team from the Church of Evernight would clean up his tracks.

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1146: A Real Charlatan

Editor: Atlas Studios

As she passed through the illusory door, Trissy hid herself and jumped down from the cliff at the entrance, towards the dark valley below.

The secret mausoleum that originated from Blood Emperor Tudor was hidden here.

During the descent, Trissy's body was as light as a feather. She lost most of her weight, but her speed was in no way slow.

None of the remaining guards noticed that she had sneaked in.

Just as Trissy was approaching her target, she heard a voice say, "Concealment is prohibited here."

Trissy's figure instantly appeared out of nowhere. And in the area above the towering mausoleum in the dark valley, there was a man who had appeared at some point in time.

This man had a long, rectangular face with a white hairband on his head. He had a mustache that curled up around his mouth, and his brows were extremely thick, setting off his relatively large eyes.

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1147: Chaos

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein pretended not to notice the real dream. As he tried to stop his projection of the Death Consul, he tried to summon another version of "himself" from the Historical Void to fool the guards of the Tudor ruins, allowing his body to escape the dream and sneak into the secret mausoleum to achieve his goal of destroying it.

At the moment, he could only maintain three Historical Void projections. Death Consul Azik Eggers was one, his self-projection in a concealed state was another. He couldn't be certain if the leader of the ascetics, Arianna, was considered one. However, to be safe, he had to disperse one of them before he made another summoning attempt.

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1148: Not Late

Editor: Atlas Studios

There were very few chances to use charms in high-level battles. No one would take the initiative to leave an opening for their opponent while they chanted the incantation. The reason Trissy was able to complete the corresponding action was because she had ignited wicked black flames from the inside out. As for the black flames, they seemed to absorb all the heat in the surrounding areas, causing thick ice crystals to form. Beyond the ice crystals, there were almost invisible spider webs that wrapped around them, forming huge cocoons.

Relying on the three layers of defense, Trissy managed to buy almost two seconds, so she took out the rectangular diamond-shaped charm and chanted, "Yesterday!"

The transparent flame ignited amidst the wicked black flames. The diamond-like charm silently disintegrated before merging with the void.

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1149: Escape

Editor: Atlas Studios

When Audrey and company below the platform saw this scene, it was as if they were admiring a large magic show. For a moment, no one realized what had happened.

A few seconds later, the scene started to turn disorderly. Amidst screams, the king's guards all rushed up the platform.

The Cabinet ministers and the House of Lords nobles subconsciously sought a place to hide, or they mustered their courage to follow the guards to check the scene.

Audrey looked on in a daze. She wasn't too surprised, but she felt that it was surreal.

If Mr. World paid strong attention to someone, it meant that they were being watched by Mr. Fool. And to date, none of Mr. Fool's goals had failed.

This was the will of a deity.

In the other municipal square in Backlund, Melissa, Benson, and company also heard the explosion before realizing that the king's speech had come to an abrupt stop.

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1150: Mad Dash

Editor: Atlas Studios

Although there was no concept of temperature in the Hall of Truth, Klein still felt a chill down his spine when he heard that. He felt a wave of heat, and he wanted to defend himself, but when he opened his mouth, he didn't know what to say.

For a few silent seconds, his figure was reflected in Adam's limpid eyes before he said with some difficulty, "I accept it…

"But I will try my best to minimize the damage caused by the war in the future, so long as I'm still alive."

He paused and asked in a deep voice, "Is this the price you exacted for the bestowment?

"Back when a certain ascetic here mentioned your true name, you had already noticed this book and secretly made arrangements?"

Adam, who was dressed in simple white robes, didn't respond. He walked towards the mural on his left and stopped in front of one of the murals. He looked up slightly and quietly admired it.

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